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FORGOTTEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am forgotten. Oh! thou fickle friend,
Would I had never loved thee, deemed thee true.
Alas! I never dreamed that this would be the end;
You seemed to love me so—even as I loved you.
As I still love thee, dear, e'en though my love I rue.

Thy cruel silence pains my patient heart,
Long weary months have past since last we met.
Oh! Love, how can I live so far from thee apart?
My longing heart will break with vain and wild regret.
Would that I might like thee, inconstant friend, forget.

And now the Spring is here, with fair blue skies,
And long bright days I thought to spend with you;
But still thou'rt absent, and my weary eyes
Turn from the violets sparkling in the dew,
Weary of all Spring's joys, if thou'rt not with me too.

Oh! but once more to hear thy voice again;
My heart is full of love, and haunting thoughts of thee—
I could not if I would forget thee, all in vain
The thought, for ever in my memory
Thy image still must be enshrined and cherished tenderly.

EVELYN H.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

My story still runs on. I sit in my little porch-room and meditate, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes staring into the fire as if I could see therein, as in a fiery mirror, the scenes that make the chapters in my *story*: and I feel myself an involuntary authoress to whom incidents are brought by the outside world, which are laid down before me, giving me nothing to do but to write them out fairly in my book, and number the pages. And when I have copied them out, and have read them over, they fit in so neatly that it surprises me to find how well I have arranged them. But I believe all writing to be a sort of inspiration, and people go on and on, and words shape themselves into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and they scarce know how it has all come, or what they write until after it is written. Some subtle influence causes the hand to move the pen ere one is fully conscious of thought.

How wonderful is everything connected with thought and intellect, how impossible to define or explain. Marvellous as is our physical structure, especially when taken in connection with the adaptation of the different organs to their different uses! of sight for seeing, of hearing for drinking in sweet sounds and words that thrill to the very heart, of speech for giving utterance to thought and idea; yet, still more wondrous is our mental mechanism, our immaterial organization. How little we understand of ourselves—how little time or attention do we devote to that greatest of all studies,—if we may believe the poet—man himself. "Fearfully and wonderfully made." Who shall try to reveal himself to himself and not feel things? Not stand in awe as he strives to comprehend his inner life; his being; the never-ending principle within him; his after life? All that he gets at best, after perhaps an almost life-long pondering, is a momentary flash that ends in darkness. He cannot see far enough—clouds that he cannot pierce hide from him the revelation of himself.

But why these perplexing thoughts? Why do I not content myself with chaos? Alas! the thoughtful mind cannot be satisfied with chaos, it fain would struggle into order. It seems to me that man, the microcosm, is yet in that chaotic mould in which the world lay when it was "without form and void," and that the Voice has yet to come saying, "Let there be light." Oh, that the Spirit might move on the face of these dark, overwhelming waters, and so regenerate the intellect that, seeing, we might see and understand, and satisfy our intellectual cravings.

Oh! how I ramble off when once I begin these speculations. It is well that Doris is not to peep into my diary just at present, or she would think that quiet Joyce Dormer's senses were taking leave of her. Therefore, I will return to the thread of my discourse and let such digressions alone.

It is a fortnight since Doris went away, but I feel no uneasiness about her now, since the letter I received assures me that she is safe and with a friend. Who can it be? Can Mr. Chester know? It is so strange that I have had no answer to my letter. I ought to have heard from him before now.

Mr. Carmichael is possessed with the idea that I know where Doris is; though I have told him over and over again that I am quite ignorant of it, and have answered all the questions he has thought fit to ask me, with the most perfect equanimity. Yet, still he doubts me. He has not much faith in the truthfulness of others. Perhaps because he is not particularly truthful himself. Possibly this is the reason why truthful people are oftenest deceived; they judge others by themselves, and believe others (until they find themselves mistaken,) to be of their own standard. But people can't go on trusting for ever. Trust and distrust require an exercise of discretion, and blind trust is a weakness productive of much evil in spite of a certain halo of faith that hovers over it. Once upon a time Mr. Carmichael's trust in his neighbor's might have been upon a larger scale. And then, *I* don't trust *him*. But I have grounds, and he has none. He's told me several untruths, and, of course, after that one can't quite go on believing in people. Oh dear! I hope I shall always be truthful; I *know* I am at present. Still, Mr. Carmichael does not thoroughly believe me, though he pretends to be satisfied at the present time. I showed him Doris's letter. The post mark was London: but London is a wide place. Mr. Carmichael is there now, and is employing detectives; but, so far, without any result.

I am sure I am as anxious as any one else can be that she should return, for I perceive that Aunt Lotty is fretting sadly, and Mr. Lynn is quite unnerved. Indeed, he is altogether shattered by recent events. I do wish that Doris could see him. She is the person of all others to soften the fearful shock that he has experienced. He finds a ready sympathizer in Aunt Lotty, but that is not like having his own daughter to console him. Mr. Lynn has confided his wife's story to Aunt Lotty, and Aunt Lotty has confided it to me. And it works into my tale like an episode that casts a deeper shade of interest round my heroine. But my heroine is lost, and my hero is abroad.

For Mr. Chester is the hero of my story, and always has been. The hair talisman has had nothing to do with it. He is the horseman in the cloud of dust that I saw in my reveries by the dear old river long and long ago, and I, like sister Anne, have waved the signal, and he is coming to help in the hour of need. Yes, I have a presentiment that through him Doris will be brought back to us, and then of course the nursery legend will be carried out: the horseman is the old lover who comes and marries Fatima, and thus I shall find a legitimate novel ending to my romance.

Aunt Lotty mourns first over her husband's sister, then over Doris, then over Mr. Lynn. Her tender heart is torn, and she goes about with a gentle depressed air. Poor Aunt Lotty! how much capacity there is in her for love and tenderness, and how little it has been drawn forth. The little Lynns have already become quite attached to her, and it is pleasant to see how quickly she understands them. Truly the evening of her life promises to be its happiest time. She cannot get over the mention of herself as one whom the poor wife could have loved.

"It will make me doubly fond of Doris when she comes back," said she, "and to think, dear, that the poor thing saw me there in the churchyard, and I never to have known it, and she Mr. Carmichael's only sister. We're surrounded by wonders, dear. Never did I think that I should come to be connected with such mysteries. Everything was so straightforward and unromantic in the Dormer family; but one never can tell what one may marry into. Marriage is a lottery!"

Though how Aunt Lotty intended her last remark to apply to the subject under discussion I cannot say. It was one of Aunt Lotty's staple quotations that linked itself on with matrimony, as a word rather than as an abstract idea.

Yes, the Dormers *were* matter-of-fact and straightforward in all their ways, as Aunt Lotty truly observed. I never heard of anything approaching romance in connection with any of the family. They lived, married, died, and were buried in the most orthodox manner. They were never very rich, nor very poor. They lived in comfortable houses, and some of them kept a carriage, but they never went beyond one horse, and the one horse being of the steadiest description there was no fear of accidents or hair-breadth escapes that are occasionally productive of results bordering on the romantic. They never met with any extraordinary piece of luck, nor, on the other hand, with any very great misfortune. They never broke their arms or legs as other people did, though this was not owing to good fortune in time of danger, but simply to their never being placed in any situation in which such catastrophes were likely to occur. In fact, "to live and die," virtue of course filling up the "space between," was about all that could have been summed up as a matter for a biographical sketch of any one of the family.

You may see their graves at Cradlington, and will find that they mostly lived to the same age, or if they died young, they generally died before they had attained their fourth year. And it is recorded on all their tombstones that they died "in hope," which most people appear to do, though whether their hopes will be realized is not for us to determine.

In fact, a general sameness pervaded the Dormer family, though at the same time a great deal of quiet happiness reigned in it, which was satisfying as long as one's mind was willing to confine itself within a narrow circle, and had taken no covert glances into a newer or a larger world.

My own life had partaken largely of the Dormer character as far as outward circumstances and influences were brought to bear; but I was an only child, and left very much to my own devices; so journeying daily in the realms of fiction I discovered in my books that there were other paths not quite so smoothly beaten as those that the Dormers trod—paths leading into wilder, fresher regions; and so, though my outer life flowed peacefully as a summer-stream, my inner life was like a torrent that, escaping from its native mountains, dashed over rocks and precipices, and strove to make its way to the unknown ocean.

Sometimes, when I had paused to consider some passage that had particularly struck me in my reading, my father would say to me,—

"Joyce, child, of what are you dreaming?"

And then my thoughts would travel back from the Utopia that lay outstretched before me, and settle down quietly in Dormer-land, and I used to laugh and answer,—

"I have been far away to a grand castle; but you have knocked it down, and I have to come home to the old home in Cradlington."

And a very happy home it was. And it will be a green spot to look back upon all my life, whatever may befall me. But nothing is likely to befall me, for am I not a Dormer? Here are all kinds of romances happening around me, and I pass unscathed through the midst of them; Aunt Lotty and I, being Dormers, are passive agents, so slightly acted upon that we are after all but mere spectators of the drama played out around us. The Dormer atmosphere effectually acting as a non-conductor.

And so I remain calmly at Green Oake, and the little porch-room sees me day after day noting down the affairs of others in my diary, and so weaving them into a tale that I perversely enough persist in calling "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO DAYS LATER; FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was in the drawing-room alone yesterday afternoon, Aunt Lotty having gone up to Lynncourt. (What a blessing Lynncourt is to her!) I had opened the piano, and my fingers were lazily rambling over the keys. Now I played a bit of one of Mendelssohn's wordless songs, then a mysterious snatch from Beethoven, and then I strayed into a voluntary of my own, wherein I seemed to hear voices striving to utter their thoughts, but I could not understand them. Now a deep, unexpected chord of wonderful beauty soothed me so inexpressibly that I struck it again and again, now loud and now soft, as though I would make it speak and tell me all its message. But in vain: I could not interpret its meaning. So disappointed, I rushed into a wild melody, wherein, alternately, the treble and the bass took up the strain as though they pleaded against each other; and yet, though seemingly at variance, the cause they pleaded was the same. And still they called to me, and still I listened, and my heart strove to understand, but all in vain! What was their meaning? Portent of joy or sorrow?

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. It was too dusk for me to see who it was. I thought from the height that it must be Mr. Lynn; but I was soon undeceived when a voice said,—

"You see I have brought my own answer, Miss Dormer."

Then I knew it was Mr. Chester. I was thankful that it was dark so that he could not tell how glad I was to see him, and I tried to steady my voice as I replied,—

"I was afraid that my letter had not reached you."

"It did not reach me as soon as you expected, for I had gone away from Rome for a few days; and when I returned and found it awaiting me, I thought the best thing I could do was to set off to England immediately, especially as there was a letter from Doris also, begging me to come to her."

How foolish I am! My heart sank down in a moment, and gave no more leaps. It was quiet enough now. It was not *my* letter that had brought him, but Doris's: what could be more natural? I ought to have thought of it. I think I should have done so, only I was so glad to see him that I thought of nothing else.

"Then you know where Doris is?" I asked, after a little pause that I made in order to recover myself.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"That is Doris's secret," returned Mr. Chester, with a smile.

And then I was vexed; so I said, in, I am afraid, a little tone of pique,—

"And *yours* too."

"And mine too," replied Mr. Chester gravely; then he added, "do you think I ought to betray my trust?"

Just what I had done about the drawing! Mr. Chester would not think me improved. Why will my impulse be ever getting the better of me? All I could do was to say,—

"No." And then I added, "Perhaps I ought not to have asked; but I am very anxious about Doris."

I meant it as a little apology for my hastiness, and he understood it.

"Miss Dormer," he replied, "how long will you continue to think that I am finding fault with you?"

There was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

And this time impulse succeeded better.

"You need not fear much fault-finding as long as you listen to so good a mentor."

It was pleasant to hear a word of appreciation from him, though I knew he was thinking of Doris all the time; and then for the first time it flashed upon me that possibly he had already seen her; and so I asked him whether this were the case? But he answered,—

"No; I came straight to you, for I wished for your advice."

He had come to Green Oake first! Hush, thou foolish heart! It is only because he is so anxious to do everything for the best for Doris.

"I think Doris should return to us—to her father," I said. "If she knew how much he is suffering, how ill he looks, she could not stay away. It is her duty, too. Her mother appears to have looked forward to it, and to have wished it. And yet, Mr. Chester, there is something I don't quite understand. It seems that, under certain circumstances, the packet would never have been given up. That it was not sent as a last request from Mrs. Gresford to her husband, but that his receiving it depended upon some emergency arising in which Doris needed a protector. It is this point that has so startled Doris: and the only way in which I can account for her objection to going to Lynncourt is, that she thinks her mother did not intend her to go if it could be avoided; and so she has determined, as long as she has health and strength, to render Mr. Lynn's assistance unnecessary."

"I partly gather the same idea from her letter," returned Mr. Chester; "but stronger than this feeling seems to be her distrust of Mr. Carmichael and her determination not to take advantage of anything that he has a hand in. She tells me she cannot define this feeling, nor give any reason for it, but that is has weighed upon her mind ever since she came to Green Oake."

"It has, I know," I replied. "The very first night she was here she told me of it."

"And you have had a similar feeling, and so have I," said Mr. Chester. "So I suppose there is something in it, though it seems rather uncharitable, since we've none of us any grounds to go upon."

"Mr. Chester, I think—I believe—"

And there I stopped.

"Well, what do you believe?"

"I don't know—I—perhaps—I—" And again I paused.

"Not very lucid," said Mr. Chester, laughing. "What is it, Miss Dormer, that so perplexes you?"

I laughed, too, and yet I wished I had not begun my sentence, for what right had I to be bringing an accusation against Mr. Carmichael without any proof? And yet in my own mind I was convinced that he had opened Doris's packet.

"I think," I said, "that I ought not to have begun my sentence. Will you consider it unspoken?"

"Certainly if you really wish it," replied Mr. Chester.

And then I inquired if he had yet opened the packet that Mrs. Gresford had given to him.

"Yes; but it is not for me. The outer envelope was addressed to me, but enclosed I found a letter for Doris, as you see."

And he put his hand into his coat-pocket. He started; the letter was not there.

"I could have been certain that I had it with me, but I suppose I must be mistaken, and that I put it back into my portmanteau. Yes, it must be there," he said, as if trying to assure himself of a fact that he wished to believe.

But I could see that he felt uneasy. At any rate I did, for I felt that on this letter probably depended the happiness of the two involved in this sorrowful affair. Doubtless it was an appeal from the mother to the daughter.

"Oh! it cannot be lost," I exclaimed.

"I trust not," was Mr. Chester's rejoinder. "I think it would, after all, have been safer with you."

"Oh, no; then it would have been certain to—"

What was I thinking of?

"Oh, surely, Mr. Chester, you will find it—you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." These last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plainly but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost."

Mr. Chester looked at me in some surprise.

"Miss Dormer, will you not trust me?"

"I have nothing to trust you with."

"Pardon me, there is something."

"Nothing tangible. It is so indefinite. I have no right—I dare not—I ought not to speak."

"For Doris's sake," pleaded Mr. Chester.

But I was firm.

"No, Mr. Chester, not even for Doris's sake at present, though the time may come when I can speak more freely."

I saw by the firelight, for the fire that had been smouldering had suddenly blazed up brightly, that Mr. Chester looked disappointed. But I could not help it. I was determined that he should not draw my thought from me. For it was but a thought, an inspiration, perhaps a revelation; but it was too vague to shape into words just yet.

So I only shook my head when he was going to say something more about it, and then I asked him about his journey, and when he thought of returning.

"Not until I have settled this matter about Doris."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have not helped you much."

"Yes," he answered, "you have satisfied me that my own view on one point is correct. Doris must be persuaded to return to Craythorpe. Lynncourt of course must be her proper home."

"And her inheritance," said I.

"That need not follow."

"He had evidently considered the point. I knew he would not care about the fortune, in spite of what Mr. Carmichael had said. But he did not know how the property was settled.

"It is so willed," I answered, "that the eldest child *must* have it."

"And this is Mr. Carmichael's way of making an heiress of Doris."

"Yes; and I believe she would have been far happier without it. And yet but for this fortune I don't believe that *Mr.* Carmichael would ever have brought her here."

"I don't either."

And then we talked on, and our subject naturally was Doris, until quite suddenly he said,—

"Have I found my way into your story yet, Miss Dormer?"

I was by no means prepared for the question; yet I managed to answer it readily.

"You have, Mr. Chester. You and Doris are my hero and heroine at the present crisis."

And if I had been discomposed by the abruptness of the question, I think he was surprised at my reply, for he looked a little confused. He saw that I had discovered his secret. I was glad to let him know that I had.

"You see," I went on, "that Doris's talisman has worked successfully if you still desire to be a hero."

He did not speak at once, but after a little he said,—

"I thought you did not believe in talismans."

"But you see this one is beginning to make me credulous. I suppose Doris is an enchantress, and has fascinated me to do her bidding."

"Are you sure that it is Doris's work?" asked Mr. Chester, eagerly.

No, I was sure of nothing of the kind; but I was not going to tell him so, therefore I replied, evasively, (alas! is my truth going?)—

"Who else could have done it? Did she not insist upon having the hair to twist together, and who knows what spells she may have used?"

"I thought you *gave* the lock freely."

"So I did; for Doris wanted it, and what use to me was a lock of hair that could not be fastened on my head again?"

Oh, dear! where is my truth ebbing to? Had I not given it because he had asked for it; and I, like a simpleton, had fancied that he wished to have it?

Mr. Chester made no reply; but he opened a large locket that was attached to his chain, and took therefrom the curious knot that Doris had so deftly twined. He carefully untied the fastening that bound the ends of the hair; then, with a skill that surprised me, he separated the dark hair from the light; the dark lock he replaced in the locket, the light one he held towards me.

"I have never felt satisfied about keeping it," said he, "and now I restore it to its rightful owner."

My cheeks burned with mortification; I knew he had never cared for it, he preferred having Doris's alone. Mine was forced upon him, and he could not well have refused it. I took the piece of hair, and was about to fling it into the fire; but he held my hand back.

"No, not that," he said.

But with a great effort I wrenched my hand away, and threw the hair into the flames.

"There," said I, "that is the best place for it."

He sprang forward, but it was too late: the flames had devoured it.

Then I stood silent, all my passion was gone; and I wished that I had said nothing about the talisman. But it could not be helped now. And Mr. Chester turned to go away.

"I will write when I have seen Doris, and I will try to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe."

I asked him if he would not wait to see Aunt Lotty, she would be at home before long; but he said his time was limited, and he must go. Then we shook hands, and said "Good-bye" to one another. But when he reached the door he came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I have been very foolish. Will you pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance?"

"You have not annoyed me," I replied, in a low tone; "it is I who have been wrong."

"No, no," he returned, "you misunderstand; it is I who am to blame. But we must not quarrel," he added; "we have still one interest in common—Doris."

"Yes," and I felt the subtle imp that I so tried to withstand knocking at the door of my heart. But I shut it fast; it should not enter.

"We part good friends?" and he held out his hand.

"Quite good friends," I replied, giving mine in return.

So we shook hands again, and Mr. Chester went away. And I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the cushions, tried to think over quietly his visit.

I recalled all I had said about the talisman, and thought of the day when Doris had made it; and putting the two together I began to be afraid that Mr. Chester would have reason to think me untruthful as well as hasty.

But what does it matter what Mr. Chester thinks? Probably he never thinks at all about a person he so little cares for. Nevertheless, I felt very miserable. And then Aunt Lotty came in, and seeing me lying down, she thought that I must have a headache.

"And you have been crying too, dear," she said, "and that is the worst thing in the world for a headache, though I could have cried over and over again with one."

But I told her that I had no headache, that I felt a little tired, but that none of us need cry now for I had good news for her. Mr. Chester had been here, and he had had a letter from Doris, and knew where she was, and was going to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe.

"And he'll do it," responded Aunt Lotty; "but she won't stay long at Craythorpe, for that wedding is sure to come about. And Joyce, dear, you'll make a very pretty bridesmaid."

CHAPTER XXX.

Joyce Dormer went to her bed that night repeating Aunt Lotty's words:—"That wedding is sure to come about." Of course it was; had she not been prophesying it to herself ever since Mr. Chester's first appearance; so what need was there for it to cause her so much consideration? She would dismiss it from her thoughts. She ought to be very glad that Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. She thought she was glad, she tried to persuade herself of it, and then she fell asleep.

Mr. Chester travelling in the night-train had also *his* reflections, and they were as follows:—"She does not care for me, that is plain enough. What a fool I have been to think of such a thing. I will go back to Italy, and stay there until I have forgotten Joyce Dormer."

He rang the changes on these few sentences as he lay back in the carriage endeavoring to go to sleep; but in vain, sleep would not come, or if it vouchsafed its presence for a moment it would not stay, and he woke with a start, muttering,—

"She does not care for me."

As he passed from Shoreditch he saw not the miles of houses any more than Doris had done; neither did he indulge in musings on the city and its inhabitants. It was in comparative darkness as he whirled along; the lights were out in most of the windows, and the street-lamps alone stood as sentinels through the night watches. A mighty shadow had fallen across the city, Midnight had stretched out her wings and reigned in solemn silence; and from her throne crept forth Fear and Murder and Robbery and Wrong, that revelled in the night-time, and hated the light of day. But Midnight was blind and could not see them, so knew not whither they went nor what evil was doing. She heard the startling shriek of agony, the wild cry of terror, the wail of misery, the smothered burst of anguish; but she could give no help, for she was blind, and Midnight wept upon her stately throne; for she felt desolate and powerless. And still she listened, and through the darkness softer sounds struck on her strained ear; the gentle breathings of quiet sleepers; the prayers of those who prayed for others as well as for themselves; the voice of thankfulness that another child was born to earth; the song of angelic triumph that floated upwards as a soul released from all its cares was carried in angelic arms unto the gates of heaven. Then Midnight was comforted, and felt that in her reign good mixed with the evil, and that all was not the blackness of despair. But her rule grew feebler, and the gray dawn told of the approach of a gorgeous Monarch from the East. He was at some distance yet, so Midnight struggled to maintain her seat a little longer on her tottering throne.

And still in darkness, Mr. Chester reached the station, at which Doris had arrived about a fortnight before. He found, as Doris had done, that there were no conveyances to be had; so he walked to the little town near, and there procured a bed for the remainder of the night, and early the next morning drove over to Lluton. He made his way to Mrs. Howell's.

The good woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him.

"Oh, sir! but I'm glad you're come; here's Miss Carmichael drooping like a snow-drop, and I can't do anything to raise her spirits, and I don't know where her friends are, so I can't send to them, and we thought the letter could not have got to you, or surely you'd have answered it."

"I've come myself, and that is better, is it not, Mrs. Howell?"

And at that moment Doris, who had caught the sound of voices, flew down-stairs, crying out,—

"Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, I am so glad to see you."

"But I'm not glad to see you looking so ill and so very unlike yourself, my poor child," said Mr. Chester, looking compassionately on Doris, who was whiter than ever, and her large, dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and lustrous.

"You'll tell me what to do, Gabriel?" and she clung to his arm. "I cannot go back to Craythorpe; you don't think I need go there, do you?"

"We must talk it all over, Doris," he answered; "and then you will be ready to do what is best."

Doris did not know; she could never feel that it was best to go back to Craythorpe and take poor Archie's property from him, whatever Gabriel might think.

"Perhaps we could arrange that the property may be left as it is."

Her face brightened.

"Could we? Uncle Carmichael said that nothing could be done to prevent my having it."

"I thought," returned Mr. Chester, smiling, "you told me that you did not trust Uncle Carmichael; that you did not believe in him; that you had a feeling that, whatever he said must be false, and now you are turning round and are inclined to doubt me, and to believe in him."

Doris looked up; one of her old smiles came over her face, and she laughed.

"Now, dear old Gabriel, that is just what you used to do, making me turn round against myself, whether I would or not. But I don't think I should ever be happy at Lynncourt, even if I could get rid of the fortune and so disappoint Uncle Carmichael. It's just to spite Mr. Lynn, and not on my own account, that he wants me to have it."

"I have guessed that much myself, Doris. But, nevertheless, Lynncourt is the proper place for you. You ought to be with your father."

"But I can't feel as if he were my father," said Doris. "It is so strange. Besides, my mother was not there, and I feel that I cannot live in a place where she ought to have been."

"But, Doris, this is childish. Consider the circumstances. How could it have been otherwise. And if your mother suffered, Mr. Lynn has suffered also, and still suffers. Think what a terrible revelation this has been to him."

"Is he ill?" asked Doris, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No; but Miss Dormer tells me how changed he is."

"Then you've been to Green Oake and have seen Joyce. What does she say? What does she think?"

"She thinks that you ought to return at once to Craythorpe. We agreed entirely upon that point."

"Then you have been quarrelling about something else?" and Doris looked up inquiringly.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Chester, somewhat evasively.

"But something like it," pursued Doris. "I wish Joyce would learn to like you, Gabriel. I've tried my best to make her."

"You see she does not," he returned, quietly. "I think you had better leave off trying."

"Perhaps, if you liked her a little better," suggested Doris.

"I do not think that would have any effect. But we will not discuss Miss Dormer's likes and dislikes. I want to settle your affairs. What do you say to my taking you back to Craythorpe?"

"I cannot go," said Doris.

"But, Doris—"

"No, I cannot live at Lynncourt. I shall never be happy there, and I don't want to see Mr. Lynn again."

"Nor Miss Dormer, nor Aunt Lotty?"

"I wish you would call her Joyce, Gabriel. It seems to me that you dislike her as much as she dislikes you."

"Joyce, then; don't you wish to see her?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, how I wish that you and I and Joyce could go far away and leave all those people, and live together somewhere. Oh, why did my mother let Uncle Carmichael know anything about Mr. Lynn; she would not have done so had she known how unhappy it would make me."

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, remembering the packet, "I have a letter for you. Your mother gave it to me some years ago to take care of for you. Will you promise to abide by what she tells you to do in that letter?"

Doris sat for a few moments without speaking, with her hands over her eyes.

Then she said, very slowly, "I will."

"It is in my portmanteau," said Mr. Chester. "I ordered the man to drive to the best inn he could find in the village, so I suppose I shall find it there."

Mrs. Howell directed Mr. Chester to the principal inn in the place.

"And what about Miss Carmichael, sir?" she asked, as she followed him to the garden-gate.

"I think she ought to go back to her friends, Mrs. Howell."

"So do I, sir, and I hope you'll persuade her to do it. I don't wonder she feels as she does, poor thing, when she looks back upon her mother's sorrows and hardships. I'm fain almost to side with her in one way, and yet I can't help seeing that the right course is for her to go back to her own kindred." And Mrs. Howell opened the gate.

"I shan't be long before I'm back again," said Mr. Chester. And he went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favorite Days for Marriage.

The latest reports of the Registrars-General of England and Scotland, show that no two nations could differ more widely than do the English and the Scotch with regard to the choice of days of the week for marriage. The Scottish report, say that the favorite day for marriage, in Scotland is the last day of the year, provided it does not fall on a Saturday or a Sunday. No marriages are celebrated on Sunday in Scotland, while in England it is the favorite day of the week for marriage, thirty-two per cent. of the marriages being contracted on that day. Monday is a favorite day in both countries. Saturday, in England, is the third day of the week in order of selection for marriage, seventeen per cent. occurring on that day; but in Scotland, no true Scot will marry on a Saturday, nor, indeed, begin any work of importance. With the Scot, Saturday is an unlucky day for marriage, and he is impressed with the superstitious belief that, if he married on Saturday, one of the parties would die before the year expires, or that, if both survived, the marriage would prove unfruitful. Hence it happens that Sunday and Saturday, the two favorite days for marriage in England, are blank days for marriage in Scotland. Friday is the day on which the English do not marry, but in Scotland, it is one of the favorite days for marriage.

☞ Artemus Ward says in "His Book," "A female woman is one of the greatest institootions of which the land can boste. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman, woman! You are an angel when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairal, and (metiforically speaking) get into pantaloons, and undertake to play the man, you play the devil, and are an emfatic noosance."

☞ CHANGE IN THE PROBATE STAMP DUTY.—By the Act of Congress approved March 2nd, an important modification is made in the law imposing a stamp duty on probate papers. Where the value of the estate does not exceed one thousand dollars, no stamp is required on the probate of a will or letter of administration. Affidavits are also exempt from stamp duty.

☞ A small chap on the street with a big hat on; stranger sees him, and cries out, "Hallo, hat, where are you going with that boy?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new serial, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "Joyce Dormer's Story," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The annual Spring Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chestnut above Tenth, is now open. We understand that the present display is an unusually large and fine one. Our Philadelphia readers, and those living in the vicinity of the city, should not fail to visit the exhibition, not only for the pleasure they will themselves receive, but also for the encouragement it affords to the cause of American Art. In the whirl of money getting, we need the softening and refining influences of art. As a great writer said, "The beautiful must be encouraged, the useful will take care of itself." Therefore, not only go once to the Academy, but buy a season ticket, and go often. You will get more good from half-a-dozen visits of half an hour each, than from one long eye-tiring visit of three hours. Pictures are not things to be "done," but to be enjoyed.

AIN'T AND ARN'T.

Ar'n't and isn't are generally taking the place of ain't in common parlance, as being more correct and elegant. And yet it is not certain that they are either. Webster says of a'nt, or, as he spells it, an't, (giving the long sound to the a):—

"An't, in our vulgar dialect, as in the phrases I an't, you an't, we an't, he an't, &c., is undoubtedly a contraction of the Danish *er, ere*, the substantive verb, in the present tense of the indicative mode, and *not*; I *er-not*, we *ere*-not, he *er-not*; or of the Swedish *är*, the same verb; infinitive *vara*, to be. *These phrases are doubtless legitimate remains of the Gothic dialect.*"

This would seem to establish the correctness of *ain't* or *an't;* and as to the elegance, there seems to us very little choice between *ain't* and *ar'n't;* the latter being about as harsh a sound as the language can afford. Therefore we conclude that old-fashioned people may continue to use *aint*, if they wish to.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—By a reference to the advertisement of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in another column, it will be seen that the running time of their trains was altered on Sunday, April 28th. As important changes have been made, travellers will do well to examine the figures before starting for the depot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By THOMAS A. DAVIES, Author of Cosmogony, and Answer to Hugh Miller and Geologists. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

PROMETHEUS IN ATLANTIS. A Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY. An Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach, author of Joseph II. and his Court, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE OLD PATROON; OR, THE GREAT VAN BROCK PROPERTY. By JAMES A. MAITLAND, author of "The Watchman," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

CULM ROCK, The Story of a Year: What it Brought, and What it Taught. By GLANCE GAYLORD. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

MOODS. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

THE FORLORN HOPE. By EDMUND YATES, author of "Broken to Harness," &c. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE LION IN THE PATH. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. Published by Hilton & Co., New York.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE. A Lecture delivered before the Wilmington Institute by H. BROWN SWOOPS, Attorney-at-law. Published by Kay & Bro., 19 South Sixth street, Philada.

PERIODICALS. "The Atlantic Monthly" for May. "Arthur's Home Magazine" for May. "Arthur's Children's Hour" for May. "American Literary Gazette," and "American Journal of Medical Sciences," "The Riverside Magazine for Young People," and "Oliver Optic's Magazine," have been duly received.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN RAILWAY COACHES.—The correspondent of one of our exchanges thus bewails the custom introduced on some of the railroads of separating the male from the female passengers:

"That sorting of the flock—putting the ribbons in one car and the whiskers in another—while it fails to benefit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whiskers, when it is not a positive slander. Pen men up together, and if they do not behave like cattle, it will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkled through the cars, keep the entire train upon its honor, give it a human, homelike look, refine travel, and elevate the car from a common carrier to an educator. 'To have known a woman is a liberal education,' is an old English utterance, good enough for a proverb. But this segregating fashion is barbarous, and worthy of the Turks."

☞ The Boston Post says the purchase of Russian America gives us possession of the aurora borealis.

Economical Living.

There is a method of preparing certain dishes which is not as generally known as its merits entitle it to be; we allude to despatchers. Our first introduction to this system of preparing a "dainty dish fit to set before a king" took place some years ago in Dublin. We were taken by a friend into an oyster shop and despatched oysters for two were ordered. The waiter brought a small tripod stand, supporting a large block tin saucer-shaped dish with a close fitting cover; below this saucer was an open vessel intended to hold a small quantity of spirit. Into the dish the waiter first placed a large pat of fresh butter; to this he added two dozen of oysters with the juice from the shells, a little cayenne, a squeeze of lemon juice, and then covered the whole with bread crumb. The lid was then put on the top, a small quantity of spirit placed in the lower vessel and ignited; the pale lambent flame played underneath the despatcher; in less than three minutes the spirit had burnt out, the lid was removed, and we partook of one of the most delicious dishes we ever tasted.

On returning to England we inquired for a despatcher, but could not get one readily, and so extemporised one out of two saucepan lids; the handle was knocked off one to serve as the saucer, the other formed the lid. With this humble appliance in our bachelor chambers many a good dish of lobster, oyster, crab, curry, &c., has been made, the despatcher standing sometimes on the hob, or being heated over the small gas stove that boiled the kettle. The contrivance, however, was not equal to the proper appliance, which can be used on the table, and, from being blocked out in one piece of metal, is cleaner in use than a lid, which is of several pieces soldered together. So, on the first opportunity, we ordered one from Dublin, which has done good service to the present time.

To those who like preparing a dish for their own eating, seasoned and done to their own liking, we can strongly recommend this little appliance. It is one that may be used in the most economical manner. If any proof were wanting of this, let us quote the following extract from a letter written a short time since by one of the most celebrated *savans* of modern times, Mr. Nasmyth, well known as the inventor of the steam hammer, and as one of the most famous astronomers of modern times. Writing of his early struggles Mr. Nasmyth states:

"It was the summit of my ambition to get work in Maudslay's establishment; but as my father had not the means to pay any premium I determined to try what I could do to attain my object by submitting to Mr. Maudslay actual specimens of my capability as a young workman and draughtsman; so to this end I set to work and made a small steam-engine, every part of which was the result of my own handiwork, including the casting and forging of the parts. This I turned out in such a style as I should be proud to own now. Armed with such means of obtaining the good feeling of the great Henry Maudslay, I sailed on the 19th of May, 1820, to London, in a Leith smack, and, after an eight days' voyage, saw London, for the first time. I made bold to call on Mr. Maudslay, and told him my simple tale. He desired me to bring my models for him to look at. I did so, and when he came to me I could see by the expression of his cheerful, well remembered countenance that I had attained my great object. He left me to arrange as to wages with his chief cashier, Mr. Robert Young; and on the first Saturday evening I made bold to go to the counting-house and speak to Mr. Young as to wages. He asked me what would satisfy me. I, not knowing the vast value of the situation I had obtained, and having a very modest notion of my worthiness to occupy it, said, if he would not consider 10*s.* per week too much, I thought I could do well with that. He little knew that I had determined not to cost my father another farthing when I left home to begin the world on my own account; so I suppose he imagined I had means 'forbye' the 10*s.* per week. Well do I remember the pride and delight I felt when I carried to my three-shilling per week lodging that night my first wages. Ample they were in my idea, as I knew how little I could live on, and that by strict economy I could live quite within the 10*s.* per week. To this end I contrived a small cooking apparatus, that I forthwith got made by a tinsmith in Lambeth, and which cost 6*s.*, and by its aid I managed to keep the eating and drinking part of my private account within 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, or 4*s.* at the outside. I had three meat dinners in the week, and generally four rice and milk dinners, all of which were cooked by my little apparatus, which I set in action after breakfast, placing a small lamp in the situation near it. The oil cost not quite a halfpenny per day; the meat dinners consisted of a stew of leg of beef, the meat costing 3½*d.* per pound, which, with sliced potatoes and a little onion, and as much water as just covered all, with a sprinkle of salt and black pepper, by the time I returned to dinner at half-past six, I found a repast in every respect as good as my appetite. The stew was done to perfection, and a right savory mess it was. About half or three-quarters of a pound of such meat yielded, with the potatoes, &c., a most ample dinner. For breakfast I had coffee and a due proportion of a quarters loaf—a real quartern, for it was always weighed, and when it did not turn the scale the full weight was made up by the addition of a cut from another loaf. I am the more particular in all this, to show you that I was a thrifty housekeeper, although only a lodger in a three-shilling room. My cooking apparatus, when at work, stood on the hub of the grate, and when I returned home at evening the flavor of the stew told that it was a right savory mess; and so it was in very deed and truth. I have the apparatus by me yet, and I shall have another dinner out of it ere I am a year older, out of regard to days that were full of the real romance of life."

☞ According to the report of the Agricultural Department, the United States supports about 5,000,000 dogs of every degree, at an annual expense of $50,000,000.

☞ A young man in Ashland, Ohio, recently jilted by a coquette, who married another, recovered $280 for presents made her during courtship, and six cents for injured affections.

☞ The Western Reserve (Ohio) Chronicle, says that a family, consisting of a father, mother, and twenty-three children, recently moved into that section.

☞ The Chambersburg Repository assert that a man in Fulton county, in this state, recently sold his wife and children to a peddler for $17, giving a bill of sale.

☞ The Emperor of Brazil has put a tombstone over the grave of a poet who died of starvation in his dominions.

A Child Eaten by Snakes.

In the early part of the month of August last, a girl named Eliza Drummond, about 11 years of age, whose parents live near the town of West Monroe, in this county, left her home one morning for the purpose of picking berries and never returned. The most diligent search was made for her by the parents and neighbors, but no traces could be found. She had not been drowned, for all places where there was any water were carefully examined, even to wells and cisterns in the neighborhood. After weeks of fruitless search and inquiry, the afflicted parents gave up their child for lost. It was reported that a band of vagrants had been seen near the locality about the time of the disappearance and the opinion prevailed that the child had been stolen by gypsies.

The event, which created a profound sensation at the time, had almost passed from the minds of all save the stricken parents, when it was painfully recalled by a recent occurrence. On Tuesday last five or six lads went out hunting in the vicinity, and during the day came upon a spot where a large number of black snakes were discovered and killed. The appearance of the reptiles in such numbers, and at this season of the year, was considered remarkable, and it was suggested by one of the party that a breeding den was near. A search was immediately commenced which resulted in a manner far different from their expectations.

In the side of a little hill, near the edge of a swamp, was found a sort of opening, which, in the summer, was concealed by tall grass and bushes. In this opening was found a human skeleton, from which every particle of flesh had been taken. The bones were as white as ivory, and all perfect. Near by was a tin pail, in a rusted condition and a tin cup. The boys were terribly frightened, and gave the alarm. The remains were taken from the mouth of the den, and an examination showed that the place had been and probably now was, a breeding place for black snakes. The boldest hesitated to enter. The entrance which was large enough for the admission of a man's body, grew smaller and tended downward. Lighted balls of hay soaked in kerosene were thrown into the cavity, and in less than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes, ranging in length from one and a half to four feet were killed.

The pail and cup were recognised by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken away by their child when she went away for the last time. The physicians pronounced the remains those of a female child, and there can be no doubt but that the poor little girl, while picking berries in the vicinity of the spot, got tired, seated herself in the shade of the opening to this horrible den, was attacked by the reptiles in numbers and killed. The discovery has shocked the whole community, and almost prostrated the stricken parents, whose hearts are made to bleed anew at the thought of the horrible fate which deprived them of their child.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium, March 10th.*

Decorate the Homestead.

The mild breath of spring and the music of the early birds reminds us that the season approaches for planting, not only vegetables and grains necessary for man's subsistence, but shrubs, trees and flowers to feed the eye and nourish the taste.

There is no homestead on which a little judicious labor will not result in more or less pleasure hereafter. None on which there is not some nook or corner that can be beautified by a vine, a shrub or a plat of flowers. Nature will do her part if we perform ours, and many a barren and unsightly yard or common may thus become a thing of beauty, adding to the pure joys of home. Next to wholesome food, home pleasures are necessary to enliven our spirits, promote our good health and give zest to rural life. What can give greater satisfaction to a family of refined taste than to have the grounds around the homestead decorated with the beauties of nature so bountifully furnished us? The species and varieties of trees, shrubs, roses, vines, &c., are now so numerous that a choice selection can be made to suit every clime, soil and exposure, and to bloom and fruit all the growing season. See them tastefully arranged and gorgeously dressed with foliage of various colors, and decked with blooms far transcending the most costly jewelry in brilliancy, and perfuming the air with their fragrance. In windy days they gracefully bow, prance, and whirl around like sprightly youth in the dance, and the melody of the breeze serves them for music. How beautiful the picture and great the enjoyment to those who can appreciate them. It makes a cot a palace, a home a paradise; the owner a king, and his wife a queen; it imparts a dignity to the manly graces of sons, and lustre to the beauties and virtues of daughters. The passing wayfarer is delighted with the scene, and sets it down in his mind as the abode of the great and good in heart, and the virtuous and wise in action.

After planting climbing vines to clothe the veranda, and a few deciduous trees around the house for shade in summer, all the other trees, shrubs and roses should be so arranged over the lawn that all will be seen at one view. Set the more dwarf nearer the house, and the taller farther off, and they will appear to rise in graceful folds as they recede from the eye, and the contrast of size, form and color of the various individuals will show to greater advantage, and that will give additional graces to their charms.

THE influence of the moon upon the weather has been investigated by Professor Marcet, of Geneva, who has worked upon the meteorological tables from 1800 to 1860 in the Bibliothèque de Genève, and who has given the results in tables in the same journal. During the last sixty years (21,915 days, 742 lunar months) there have occurred 2,630 changes of weather—that is, from rainy to fine weather, or fine weather to rainy. Of these 2,630 changes, 93 happened at new moon, and 90 at full moon; 109 occurred on the day following the full moon and 107 on that following the new moon. It is hence calculated that the probability of a change of weather occurring on the day of the full moon is 0.121; at new moon, 0.125; the day after full moon, 0.143; the day after new moon, 0.148. The influence of the moon upon the number of days of rain and the quantity of water which falls the professor regards as negative. With reference to the barometer, he states that, of the 2,630 changes of weather, the barometer prophecied 1,960 times correctly. This approaches nearly to the proportion of three times out of four.

☞ To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom, and to forgive it, of great mind.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES—CRYSTAL CASCADE—EL CAPETERO DO DIAVO—AN ARMED CAVALCADE—LATEST NEWS—A CHANGE OF PURPOSE—A SURPRISE—SLIGHT SKIRMISH—SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES—BRILLIANT FIRE WORKS.

Our purpose and plan of route had been to go direct from Ayacucho to Arequipa and thence towards Arica, on the coast, deviating from a right line between the two latter towns—first to the right, to visit Tacna, a place of small commercial importance, but of considerable fame in Peruvian history; and after Tacna, we would make a detour of fifteen leagues to the left in order to visit Los Angelos, an insignificant village, having nothing in itself to attract a traveller to it; but in its vicinity two natural curiosities, each worth a pilgrimage of ten times the distance to them from our direct route—curiosities that no foreigner passing through Peru should neglect becoming personally acquainted with. Subsequently a portion of our party made a visit to these two natural "lions" a peculiarity, and as they are not legitimately in or regular Bohemian line of travel, perhaps it may be proper to make a "side show" of them here by a brief description:—

At a distance of a little more than a league from the village, in a southeastern direction, is located the first, or principal "lion," called the Crystal Cascade. It is rather a serial compound of cascade and cataract, as within a distance of less than a mile the waters of an Andean stream, swollen at the period of our visit into a furious torrent, fall about five hundred and forty feet—sometimes rushing in a smother of foam down an angle of forty-five degrees, from its base shooting through a level cut of fifty yards perhaps—then plunging perpendicular over a ledge fifty or fifty feet, forming at its foot a whirling vortex, out of which the mad torrent dives roaring down another inclined plane, and so on, cascade following cataract and cataract cascade, lined by level shoots and seething cauldrons, till at length the vexed waters racing down a lower declivity, subside into a quiet, silver-surfaced stream, flowing peacefully between two green banks fringed with flowers, and trees bearing tropical fruits.

The name, Crystal Cascade, is eminently applicable, the whole course of the cataract series being through and down a rugged chasm, the bottom and sides of which are literally masses of clear rock crystal, pointed, jagged, and fantastic in form, here rising in irregular masses out of the rapid, rushing water, there forming the perpendicular or overhanging ledge, down which the roaring waters leap with hissing howls; and again confining the fretful tide in narrow limits, as with walls of conglomerate diamonds, along the whole mile of cascade and cataract, bottom, sides, and shelving ledges one mass of brilliant crystals. When the sunlight falls full and clear along the length of the gorge, the leaping, sparkling water, thousands of beautiful rainbows painted on the hovering vapor, and flashing refracted rays flung back from millions of crystal surfaces, all combine to form a cascade picture magnificent beyond imagination.

About half a mile from the foot of the lower cascade the stream divides in two parts, the volume of each and angle of divergence being fairly represented by a capital Y, the left hand, and larger portion deflecting several degrees from a right line more than the smaller one, flowing in smiling quiet and seeming self-complacency with a smooth, silvery surface, between beautiful banks for the distance of nearly two miles, apparently the happiest Andean stream in existence. Not a remote indication of suicidal self-destruction is manifest. But having thus far run its smiling course, all at once it begins to accelerate its speed, running more rapidly in each successive rod, but maintaining still its smooth, silvery surface, only rushing on more rapidly, until at the distance of a third of a mile from where the race begins, the stream plunges its unbroken volumes headlong down into a circular pit, with brownish black walls of vitrified rock, evidence that at some early period the opening had been the crater of an active volcano.

There must still exist far below the surface fierce subterranean fires, which the whole volume of the stream, everlastingly poured down into the pit, is inadequate to quench. The meeting and mingling of such masses of fire and water, however, makes a terrific tumult far down in the bowels of the earth, the indication of which are shuddering throes of the surface, with sounds of continual hissing and bubbling, well represented in sound by plunging a mass of red hot iron into cold water contained in a close cask. Besides this continual bubbling, there are awful groans, sharp, quick yells, wheezy grunts, abrupt snorts, and smothered shrieks, all of which come faintly up to the surface along with volumes of dense, hot, sulphureous vapor, pungent and bitter, even when much diluted with pure air, so that inhaled it induces coughing, sneezing, and in some instances slight hemorrhage of the lungs and considerable nausea.

The Peruvian Spaniards call the singular pit *El Capetero do Diavo*, (the coffee pot of the devil), which though rather rough in expression, is perhaps as appropriate as any cognomen that could have been applied to the strange phenomenon; unless it be that given by the natives—*Quari tolei la pen tahla*, meaning literally interpreted—"where the river ends."

We were riding towards Arequipa, and had proceeded perhaps four leagues, when just as we approached a pass leading up and through a stretch of rugged, densely wooded sierra, we were met by a party of mounted Arequipans, eighteen in all, among them a German gentleman, two American and three English gentlemen, all residents and merchants of Arequipa. The other twelve were Spaniards, personal friends of Col. Esaling's. They were all superbly mounted and efficiently armed, a necessity of the times, locality, and their political profession. They were staunch Echiniquans, and as all the country around Arequipa was infested with small parties of mounted vagabonds, claiming to belong to the Santa Crucian party, but who were generally rather pleasroons and miscellaneous plunderers than respectable politicians, a strong party, well armed and mounted, was the only safe passport. They had encountered and dispersed two small parties of marauders, the last one but half an hour previously, killing two and disabling five of their number, without one of themselves or animals having received a scratch. They had reason to believe that the guerillas in stronger force were in the *sierra* not very far off, and would probably attack us, if an opportunity for their doing so at advantage, should offer.

A council of war was called, and in five minutes the decision unanimously arrived at that we would afford the vagabonds no advantage of attack if we could avoid it, but an early an opportunity for a fair fight as they might choose to embrace. In accordance with this resolution, rifles and revolvers were carefully put in prime order, lances and lassoes adjusted, our pack animals and non-combatants were brought to the centre, a rear guard, and scouts to ride on either flank were detailed; and as for the women, the advice that they should ride by the pack animals, might as well have been withheld for all the heed they gave to it. Several of them unslung their rifles, and our pretty "Oriole" Edith, usually so serenely conservative, spoke promptly for the petticoat party:—

"Gentlemen, we will ride nowhere else than we are accustomed to do—head and stirrup with you. If there comes danger, we know how to face it—if fighting, we will perform our part the best we can. Don't you know that the rascals would shoot us as easily cowering beside the pack animals as they could in any other position? We shall all ride in our accustomed places, and if the necessity arises, forget that we are women and conduct ourselves like *men!*"

"Viva! Bravo! Bravissimo!" were the lusty shouts given in ready response to our Baltimore beauty's brave speech, our cavaliers from Arequipa all joining vociferously in the applause, and so by acclamation it was decided that our undisciplined uncontrollables were all to ride where they would, and do in all things as they pleased, as was their habit upon all occasions.

That being arranged, the errand of our friends from Arequipa was communicated. They had come to meet, and advise us that it would be the height of imprudence for us to proceed in that direction for any considerable distance, and dangerous in the extreme for us to attempt to reach and enter Arequipa. The city was besieged on three sides by the forces of Santa Cruz, revolution was rampant within the town. We should be certainly intercepted in an attempt to enter the city, plundered, and the strong probability was, murdered—every man and woman of us. A battle between the two political armies was impending, and would very soon be fought, very near to—probably within the city itself, and until one of the parties should become masters of the situation there would be no safety there for life or property, particularly where those commodities happened to belong to strangers.

The consular agent, whom Capt. Marvin was going to supercede as regular consul, represented the English as well as American interest in Arequipa, and having by several imprudent acts rendered himself highly obnoxious to both political parties, and his presence being no longer any protection to the lives and property of foreign residents, the special errand of the English and American portion of the cavalcade was to urge Capt. Marvin to hasten forward, assume his official position, and under the united flags of the two countries afford aid and protection to all entitled to receive it.

The Spanish deputation came expressly to meet Col. Esaling, bringing for him from Echinique a commission as general of division, and a message from the great military chieftain and aspirant to presidential position, urging him to hasten forward and assume command of the Army of the Republic, assembled at Arequipa. Echinique himself was hurrying forward from the direction of Lima with a formidable force, intending to give Santa Cruz battle, raise the siege of the city, and decide the presidential contest by one dashing stroke.

This intelligence called for another general council, in which it was decided, without wasting many words, that a change of route was an absolute and immediate necessity. The new Gen. Esaling, having a better topographical and political knowledge of all that region of Peru than was possessed by any one else among us, his opinion and advice was eagerly solicited. Both were freely and frankly offered, and promptly accepted. So it was settled that instead of going to Arica via Arequipa, Tacna and Los Angelos, we would make the shortest cut to the coast by a course nearly due west, passing through a broad gap in the coast range, and the entire distance over the most magnificent champaign country in Peru, perhaps in the world. By pursuing this route, we should not only traverse one of the most fruitful and delightful regions in all South America, having in its whole extent no broken, rough riding, and nowhere disturbed by intestine war, or the fierce political squabbles that were so distracting private peace and public prosperity.

Arrived at Ica, an insignificant, but very pretty, quiet village on the coast, some thirty odd leagues south of the famous Chinchas, we would make that town our temporary headquarters until the arrival of the bark Esmeralda, to the captain of which Consul Marsden would despatch instructions from Arequipa, when we would all embark on board of her, only leaving our animals and their attendants at Ica, until such time as the great political question should be settled, peace and order restored, and we might resume our interior explorations without molestation. In the meantime a season of sea life, though it would be but along-shore cruise, would be a delightful change, our persons and property, with the many valuable specimens we had gathered in our vagabond wanderings, would all be safer on board the Esmeralda, under the American flag, than anywhere on shore, we should be comfortably bestowed in our old cosy quarters, and during the continuance of hostilities a sort of general coast survey, extending from the Chinchas to Arica, and the "doing" of such towns along the coast as afforded safe harbor for our ship, should furnish us occupation and amusement.

The new programme all satisfactorily arranged, the next important matter was dinner. It was near our usual eat-door hour, our friends from Arequipa were to dine with us of course, and we began looking for a locality provided with the necessary requisites, wood and water. We had passed the first ridge or spur of the rugged, rocky sierra, and ridden down into a little narrow, serpentine, grassy valley, along the bottom of which flowed a stream of pure, cold water, and the popular opinion was, that following the stream up a short distance, we should find wood convenient for cooking purposes.

So we did, and something besides that we were not in the least looking for, for animated by our new arrangements we had so soon forgotten our late caution and military precautions. We were riding as carelessly as a party possibly could, promiscuously mixed up, men and women, in array as orderly as a drove of sheep hurrying homeward, all chattering like a tree-top convention of black birds, till turning an abrupt angle in the narrow valley we suddenly received a leaden salute from a score of muskets, several of the missiles whizzing past unpleasantly close, without inflicting any damage to any one, however. After all our preparations, we were fairly surprised.

The spot where we were going to dine, some seventy-five yards up the stream, was already occupied. The little valley at this point widened out into a beautiful level glade, with a fine grove on both sides of the stream, and within the grove were at least a hundred Peruvian pleasroons of the Santa Cruz faction, whose dinner our noisy approach had interrupted, and whose bullets had unceremoniously interrupted our conversation.

Though the vagabonds had certainly surprised us, they had themselves fallen into a fatal error in firing upon our party as they had done. They had seen only the party from Arequipa, with some half a dozen or so of our own, who happened to be riding in front, and having no idea of the formidable force in the rear, they had fired too soon, forgetting the precaution of getting to saddle before commencing hostilities. Their horses were unbridled and tethered out to grass, and so we had the rascals at all advantages.

The head of our column, without halting, returned the fire with their more efficient rifles, five of the twenty bullets dropping dead each its target, and before the astonished vagabonds could rally or reply, a dozen of our sharp shooters dashed forward and cracked away with their heavy "Lansingburghs," that almost always sent their bullets to the centre. There was a scattering, harmless reply, followed by a general charge of our whole party at a hand gallop, O'Harra leading, wild with excitement, and yelling, as he drove headlong in among the routed rascals:

"Six—front! By the left—*Rights! Charge!*"

Such scampering and scrambling, shouting and shooting as there were for a quarter of an hour, made or would have made a laughable comedy, had there not been so much of tragedy in the scene. And then the drama was terminated abruptly. Twenty odd of the vagabonds had made the last mistake of their lifetime; more than that number had been seriously hurt, and the remainder, all but about a half dozen who managed to get off clear, surrendered at discretion. As we wanted no prisoners, the land pirates were let off with an admonition that if they in any manner disturbed us again they would be hunted down until not one of them was left alive.

Not caring to dine on the battle field, with dead men lying about us, we rode some two miles further up the stream, where, coming to another eligible spot, we proceeded to prepare dinner, and during the meal, it being some two hours later than usual on account of the skirmish, and several important matters requiring to be discussed, it was voted to go into camp for the night.

During the evening and until long past midnight we had one of the most magnificent displays of fireworks that can be imagined. Everywhere over all the surface of the ground great greenish brown glow worms gave forth pure lambent fires, almost as brilliant as a clear burning match, while above the surface, to the height of ten feet, the air was literally alive with millions of fire flies, that flashed out their phosphorescent lights so incessantly that the whole atmosphere seemed in a continuous quivering blaze.

☞ We hear much of the romantic evening rambles of lovers, but there is often a great deal of moonshine about it.

☞ The microscope has revealed the curious fact that perforations made by the electric spark are always pentagonal in form.

☞ In an English railway car, a short time since, an individual who persisted in smoking a cigar after he had been requested not to do so, was summarily ejected by the outraged passengers. The aggrieved smoker caused the arrest of one of his assailants, and charged him with assault and battery. The magistrate before whom the case was tried decided that the smoker had given sufficient provocation for the assault, and he was doubtful if he would not be compelled to look *him* up for assault and battery in puffing smoke in other people's faces.

☞ Of Hon. Daniel D. Barnes, of Weston, Mo., who died on the 14th ult., it is stated that since his wife's death he would often lie on her grave all night, exclaiming that he longed to be buried with her. From time to time he stated that he should die within a year from her death, and within a day of the limit he set his words proved true.

☞ Ben. Wood has become enraged at the Herald items in reference to his gambling, and says:—"Therefore, contrary to our disposition and taste, on the very first renewal of Mr. Bennett's interference with our private acts, we shall commence such an exposition of his private affairs as will tend, we believe, to put a stop to his reckless disregard of the decencies of life."

☞ "Mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

☞ One of our Liberal ministers who was recently "done up" in a phrenological paper, on seeing his likeness, exclaimed "Deliver me from the snare of the Fowler."

☞ The great question of the day in Cambridge, Mass., still is—Should girls be whipped in our public schools? Would it not be better to send some moral-reform missionaries to Cambridge?

☞ The rush of Americans to Europe has not yet begun. It will be late in the season before those 400,000 Americans expected by the hotel and shopkeepers of Paris, will apply for accommodations.

☞ Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said: "I have been to see Mrs. ——." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

☞ If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

☞ When guns go off, do they return again? No, but we hear from them.

☞ Some of the "young 'uns" of the California big tree family are growing prosperously near Rochester, New York, from seeds planted thirteen or fourteen years since, and bid fair to rival their ancestors in time—say two or three thousand years.

☞ A student of Shakspeare has discovered that in the course of his plays he wrecks a vessel at Bermuda, on her passage from Naples to Tunis! runs the ship of Antigonus ashore on the "deserts of Bohemia"!! and sends the Tiger and its master to the inland city of Aleppo!!!

Chicago Amusements.

The "Fat Contributor" gets off the following, calling splendid Chicago, the "city of horrors:"

They are peculiar folks, the people of Chicago. They delight in horrors. They have horrors for dinner, horrors for supper, and a quantity of cold horrors are warmed over for breakfast. Their newspapers are filled with them. They afford them an agreeable excitement during the day, and form the cheerful subject of their conversation at their evening sociables. If they want to entertain a stranger, they show him the scene of the latest murder or suicide. They mean it all right—it is their way, that's all. As your New York friend takes you to the Central Park, or to Barnum's, to amuse you, so your friend in Chicago conducts you to the place where some thrilling and bloody tragedy has been enacted.

I am visiting the house of a friend, an old resident. The first morning he awoke me at an early hour.

"Come," said he, in a glow of pleasurable excitement, "get up, my boy. There is an hour before breakfast, and we will have time to visit the interesting spot."

"What spot?" said I.

"Why, the spot where the dreadful murder was committed last night," said he, rubbing his hands with delightful expectation. "You was lucky to come just as you did—this is the biggest thing of the kind we've had yet—husband kills his wife and nine children with an axe, shoots two policemen, beats another so that he is not expected to live, sets fire to three houses and a barn, swallows half a bushel of counterfeit money, and commits suicide in the tunnel! Immense excitement about it. Here it is, all in the *Tribune*."

I declined to go, much as it would have enhanced my appetite, doubtless, and he really felt hurt that the little excursion that he had planned for my enjoyment was not appreciated and eagerly adopted.

After breakfast we sauntered out for a walk. He said he wanted to show me the sights of Chicago, and appeared eagerly anxious to render my visit to the city as agreeable as possible.

"Want to attend an inquest?" said he, pleasantly. "Suicide last night on —— street. Stupid affair, though—wouldn't interest you. Took poison—more interesting when they—" and he made a horribly suggestive motion with his finger across his throat.

He took me on a walk along the river, "to see," as he said, "if they were fishing anybody out," and he pointed out several interesting spots where people had jumped or been thrown in. He introduced me to another citizen with the remark that I was a stranger, and he was showing me the city.

"Ah!" said the other citizen, eager for my entertainment; "have you visited the scene of the —— tragedy, or been to the spot where the thirteen dead infants were found sewed up in one pillow case? You must go and see the Driving Park before you go back. Terrible affair happened there—man drove against a fence board in a horse race and was killed. We can show you the very board."

Another citizen insisted upon our visiting his house. While he went out to see about some light refreshments, I picked up a photographic album, and it was filled with likenesses of the most hardened criminals that Chicago had produced. He pointed with much pride to a bay window in his back parlor, because it overlooked the scene of a terrible assassination.

"What are your amusements?" said I, at length, anxious to change the subject of conversation.

"Attending inquests, sitting on Coroner's juries, dragging the river, looking in at the Police Court, listening to divorce trials, and attending executions."

I can't stand any more Chicago, and I leave to-night. Why, don't you believe my friend, as an inducement for me to prolong my stay, offered to take me out to-night and get me garroted! He said he thought it would be a novelty to me! I should say it would. He added that they thought nothing of being garroted in Chicago—they were used to it, and it was nothing after you get used to it.

He said he had kept a very choice horror to show me to-morrow. He wouldn't show it to everybody, but he had set out to entertain me, and he was bound to do it. "I know," said he, looking very carefully around to see that nobody was listening, and whispering with an air of mingled mystery and gratification, "I know where we can go and see *a barrel of human remains.*" And he threw himself back in his chair and looked at me with a flush of triumph, as though he had overwhelmed me with such inducements to remain that I could not possibly resist.

FORTUNE AT A SINGLE BLOW.—"I find," said a shrewd merchant, "I make most money when I am least anxious about it." There is practical philosophy in this remark. Caution, prudence, sagacity, and deliberation are all necessary to business success. Some men, it is true, get rich suddenly, but the great majority do not, and cannot. Bonaparte once said, "I have no idea of a merchant's acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow." Such fortunes too often vanish suddenly.

☞ By warmth and judicious feeding, says Mr. Bement, a hen may be made to lay as many eggs in two years as she would under ordinary circumstances in three; and every one knows, or ought to know, that a fowl fatted at two years old, is much more tender and palatable than one that is older.

☞ The editor of the Norwich Bulletin not only accepts telegram, photogram, lithogram, and all other grams changed from graphs, but he proposes when the next menagerie comes along, to change the giraffe into gi-ram.

☞ According to last year's tax books, there are 158,818 voters in Georgia, of which 89,909 are white, and 65,009 colored. Of the whole number, about 15,000 are disfranchised under the Reconstruction Act.

☞ FASHIONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE.—Miss Parker, an American lady, wore a dress at one of the balls in Paris, trimmed with laces, valued at over $10,000.

☞ An Indian got drunk in Bangor, Me., a few nights since, and was taken to the watch-house. On being pressed to tell where he got his liquor, he said, with emphasis: "Injun drink, but no squawkum."

☞ The London Court Journal says: "False ears of flesh color—India rubber—have been invented for the use of ladies with large ears. They are used in front of the real ears, which are drawn back and concealed under the hair."

☞ No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

SPRING.

Stern winter now reigns the length'ning day;
—*Michael Bruce.*
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array
—*Thos. Carew.*
Invite my steps, and point to yonder glade,
—*Pope.*
Beneath these rugged elms; that yew tree's shade.
—*Gray.*
The moon is up, and yet it is not night.
—*Lord Byron.*
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
—*Milton.*
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
—*Carlos Wilcox.*
Did add its beauty to the budding green;
—*John Clare.*
No sound, save of the night wind's gentlest sigh,
—*B. Barton.*
Was by the low winds chanted in the sky.
—*John Wilson.*
"Come here, and rest thee, gentle stranger; come
—*H. Whitworth.*
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home.
—*H. Kirk White.*
To yonder bench, leaf-sheltered, let us stray.
—*Gilbert White.*
Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way."
—*Goldsmith.*
"Another spring!" his heart exulting cries;
—*R. Bloomfield.*
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
—*Jas. Beattie.*

☞ A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night and nobody a bit the wiser."

☞ A newspaper correspondent, writing relative to a recent meeting between Gen. Hancock and a number of Cheyenne chiefs, says:—"We saw a great many noble faces among the Indians around the council fire. One of them had the very features of 'Old Hickory.' We were formerly under the impression that there were no noble looking Indians, or had never existed save in the fervid imagination of a Fenimore Cooper, but we dare to say that they do exist even at the present day, and that we have seen them."

☞ Rats, it is reported, weigh on an average a pound each, and each pound represents five bushels of corn. A ship laden with corn was recently discharged at Antwerp, and an immense swarm of rats of enormouse size rushed from the hold and invaded the neighboring vessels, warehouses and habitations. The workmen were obliged to retreat to give passage to these unwelcome strangers.

☞ A SUGGESTION.—To sort potatoes or apples, stand upright and save the backache; it is more healthy. Make a platform three by three feet, with sides four or six inches high. Leave a gap at one corner to pour out from. Set the form on a barrel or other support, and pour a bushel of apples at a time on it, and sort them standing. It is easier to lift up than to stoop down.

☞ In Belgium, where every post office has its telegraph wire, a message of twenty words is sent to any part of the kingdom for ten cents. In Switzerland, under the same system, both messages and money orders can be sent at very low rates, and people send more messages than letters.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who mean the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to *every* single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
6 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	$20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of *Life's* Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

LOST MARGERY.

O where has the little one fled,
The child with the innocent eyes,
With the ready smile and the springing step,
And the merry, quick replies?

She was always so gay and so bright,
That I miss her when she is gone;
Is she out at her play in the garden there?
Do you think she would leave me alone?

Perhaps she is hunting the flowers
That come when the snow melts away—
The crocuses, starting up purple and white,
Or the violets, children of May.

Or perhaps she is out with the birds,
Teaching robin and sparrow to sing;
Or dancing along with the glad little stream,
Set free by the touch of the Spring.

O, why are your eyes so sad?
Have you never a word to say?
Did the angels lean from their heavenly heights
And beckon my darling away?

Has she gone through the gates of pearl?
Has she crossed the jasper sea?
She cannot be lost whom the angels have found,
But she will not come back to me.

ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.
—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

Watches.

In winding a watch be careful to have the tube of the key thoroughly clean, picking out any lint gathered in from the pocket, and removing the smallest trace of dust in it. This is very important; the slightest particle of dust may fall in through the key-hole and clog some of the delicate works. Many watches are injured from this cause, and require cleaning more from this than all other reasons. A watch should never be wound or opened when dust is flying in the air, nor should it be opened with soiled fingers. New watches, even of the best manufacture, require a year or so of wear to get all the parts smooth and in proper running order, so that a new watch can hardly be fully regulated to entirely accurate time the first year. The moving of the regulators when very near the right point, is so delicate an operation that a long time is required to adjust it exactly; one may sometimes chance to hit it on at first or second trial.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss;
And gently drawn in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!"

The words were uttered in a loud and angry tone by a military looking personage in the saloon of one of our most respectable clubs, frequented by opulent merchants, country squires, bankers, and lords, with a sprinkling of naval and military gentlemen.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!" So saying, and buttoning up his military surtout with the air of a man who was determined on some desperate course, the offended hero vanished out of the room. He was immediately observed to mount a handsome phaeton, drawn by a pair of smart grays. His tiger leaped up behind, and the equipage drove off with a furious clatter up St. James's street.

"Satisfaction!" Of course every one within hearing knows the meaning of the words when uttered by "a man of honor and a gentleman." In fashionable circles "satisfaction" means the chance of projecting an ounce of lead in the shape of a bullet into some offending friend's body; but the man of wounded honor is equally "satisfied" if his friend sends the bullet into his own head; and if his head resists it, then he may thank the thickness of his skull, rather than the soundness of his brains. Two men of honor fall out about the most trifling matter, perhaps, inflamed with wine, begin to talk angrily,—and one of them uses an offensive word: instantly the other calls for "satisfaction." The two "friends"—call them fools rather—come out in the cool gray of the next morning with two other "friends" equally foolish, and then, in some chalk-pit or ravine, each sets himself up as a target for the other. Two bullets instantly speed upon their fool's errand. They miss. Well! the two seconds step up,—"Interfere to prevent further hostilities," declaring that their friends' "honor is satisfied,"—and they march off to breakfast, thinking they have done some valiant feat; or, the balls hit their mark; one, if not both, lie on the grass; a bullet has lodged in the spine of one, and another bullet in the shoulder-joint of the other. Forth steps a wiry man with a box of implements, devised for the cutting out, extracting, or wrenching away of the little bullets from flesh and bone. Ah! with one of them it is too late; he lies on the grass, breathless, his lips apart, his eyes glazed:—he is dead: he has had his desire,—"the satisfaction of a gentleman." The other, after submitting to the tortures of bullet extraction, is borne from the field on a litter, "satisfied:" he has "killed his man." Such is "honor" in the mouths of fools.

But we must return to our story:—Scarcely had the gentleman of wounded honor rushed out of the house, ere the friends of the other assembled round him to ask, "What is the matter? And how did you fall out?"

"The matter," said the offending gentleman, who sat somewhat stupefied at the abrupt and threatening exit of his military friend; "why, the fellow is irascible as a turkey-cock. We fell into a dispute about politics, about which he knows positively nothing. He became more and more insolent, and his arguments were at length so absurd, that I could not help bursting out laughing, and telling him he was a bullet-headed fool."

"Is that all?" said a city merchant; "why, everybody knew that long ago!"

"Aye, but to tell him of it," said another; "I fear mischief will come of it."

A considerable damp seemed to have been thrown upon the spirits of all the company, and the circle gradually broke up. The gentleman who had been the cause of the explosion at length rose and went home, not over free from anxiety. He now regretted the use of the offensive word, and yet he felt that it had not been undeserved. Not being a military man—for he was a banker in good business, and with extensive connexions—he could scarcely divine what the other would do in reference to the "satisfaction" which he had spoken of; yet he had some unpleasant misgivings about the issue.

The banker was not left long in doubt. Next morning, after an anxious night, a thundering rat-tat came to his door. Immediately thereafter a gentleman was admitted. The banker rose to meet him, and recognized him for a military gentleman—in fact, the major of the other's corps.

"I have the honor," said he, "of waiting upon you at the instance of my friend, the Honorable Captain Sir Eustace Fitz Giles; this letter will explain to you the object of my visit."

The banker opened the missive. It was written in a thunder-and-lightning hand, and smelt frightfully of gunpowder; in fact, there was no misunderstanding it.

"I will call upon the captain," said the banker. "I will do so at once."

"The usual mode in such matters, as you are aware, is to refer me to your friend."

"In good time, sir," answered the banker; "but first I would see the captain himself."

"Very well," said the major; "but the usual course in such matters—"

"Yes, yes!" said the banker; "I know; but I wish to see the captain himself."

"He will refer you to me."

"Very well! then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again;" and he bowed the major politely out. The banker went straightway to the choleric captain. "Sir," said he to him, "I am not at all ashamed to confess myself in the wrong, in having used towards you the expression which has given offence. I beg to withdraw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

"Too late, sir, by Jove! too late!" said the captain, twirling his moustache. "You must meet me, sir; nothing short of that will do. Had I knocked you down on the spot, an apology might have been accepted; but I did not knock you down, and your apology comes too late. I refer you to my friend, who is authorised by me to settle all necessary preliminaries. Name to him your time and place, and go home and settle your affairs."

The banker was thunderstruck. He considered with himself for awhile. "Well, sir!" said he at length, "if it must be so, meet me to-morrow at two o'clock, in the large field north of ——— Lodge, in the ——— Road, with your friend, and a pair of pistols."

"Enough, sir," said the brusque captain; and they parted. The parties were on the ground at the time appointed. The captain was accompanied by his friend, the major. The banker was attended by a gentleman in a suit of professional black—a very unmilitary and most civil-looking personage. As they approached, the major suddenly stepped before his principal, and addressing the banker's second, said—

"It was perfectly understood, sir, that pistols were to be the weapons employed on this occasion; but here, sir, if I mistake not, you bring a blunderbuss under your arm."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, drawing the instrument forth; "it is not a blunderbuss, but a telescope."

"And what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this? I hope it is not meant as an additional insult to my principal?"

"O! by no means," said the banker, who proceeded to inform the major of his previous and present readiness to apologize, assuring him that he had intended no offence to his friend the captain, and that he was now anxious to explain. The apology was declined as before, and an explanation was demanded.

"In the first place," said the banker, "I earnestly beg that you, captain, will look through this telescope."

"What, sir, I?—Look through a telescope? By Heaven, sir, what foolery is this?"

The banker's second claimed to be heard.

"I insist," said he, "that this is most serious and important to my cli—, to my friend."

"It is such a breach of all the customary forms," said the captain. "Such a proposal is quite intolerable."

"I regret," said the banker to the major, "that I should have to urge this request; but it is to me a most necessary preliminary. Will you, major, do me the favor to apply your eye to the telescope? I put it to you as a gentleman and an officer, whether there is any offence in the request?"

"Nay, sir," said the major, "I do not say that; but it seems to me so absurd—so contrary to the established rules in such cases."

"Here, sir," said the banker, holding up the telescope, "place your eye to it for but one moment—there—in that direction!"

"Where?" said the major, carelessly applying his eye to the telescope. He looked for an instant. "Egad!" said he, "I see a very fine woman walking about on a grass-plot, with a little trot of a child in one hand, and two others prancing round her. But what, I should like to know, has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Every thing," said the banker, with a serious face; "that lady, sir, is my wife. Those children are mine and hers; and we are all mutually attached."

"Pshaw!" said the captain; "what is that to me? You should have thought of this before."

"I know it is nothing to you, sir," said the banker, "as you have no wife or children. I believe I am correct in saying that you have no wife or children. Now then, I ask, *do* we meet on equal terms?"

"Why no—certainly not," said the major, "but it is too late to think of this on the very ground; it is quite noformal—this discussion; it is really quite,—quite;"—and hereupon the major took a huge pinch of snuff to fill up his simile.

"I warned you to settle all your affairs," broke in the captain, as if a sudden bright thought had occurred to him.

"True," said the banker, pointing to the distant family group, "but I could not settle them. I have settled *every* thing else."

The banker's second now ventured to observe, that as the captain's second had admitted the parties about to contend were not on equal terms, they should be made equal, or as near as possibly so, before the actual commencement of hostilities; and he appealed to them to do this as "men of honor and gentlemen."

"Well, there is certainly a show of reason, and that sort of thing, in what you say," observed the major. "But how in the name of goodness, is that to be effected?"

"Nothing easier," exclaimed the gentleman in black. "Your friend the captain has an independent income of fifteen hundred per annum, and no family; whereas the income of my friend—though he has some little property—mainly depends upon his own exertions: and he has a wife and three children. Now, if the captain should shoot him, he ought to make over five hundred a year to his family, and thus the parties would be upon equal terms."

"Putting affection out of the question," added the banker.

The major, at this, looked blank and puzzled; the captain *all* astonishment.

"It would only be putting down your handsome phaeton and pair," rejoined the banker's second, calmly.

"Oh, sir! ah! yes indeed!" ejaculated the captain, reddening up to the ears.

"But supposing I acceded to this most irregular proceeding," said the major, "there is no time for it now, as I cannot consent to withdraw my principal from the field without an exchange of shots."

"That is not at all necessary," said the banker. "This gentleman is my attorney." Whereat, on the instant, the little man in black whipped from beneath his coat a deed on parchment, ready filled up, and wanting nothing but the attachment of the signatures.

The captain and the major exchanged looks of blank rage. They saw that, in common parlance, it was "a sell;" and they began to storm.

"A most absurd proceeding!—mercenary proposal!"—ejaculated the captain. "Put down my phaeton, indeed! Why, sir, this is beyond a joke."

"It is, indeed, a most serious matter, sirs," said the banker. "Do you think, sir, whether I would not be justified in considering it as something more than an 'absurd proceeding' and a pretty 'joke,' to be *put down* dead here, and leave my wife and children to penury? I know very well, sir, you are a rare shot, and can snuff a candle with a pistol bullet. That dexterity I can't pretend to, so in any case I run the greatest risk. Yet I am ready to pit my life against your phaeton and pair."

The major looked more perplexed than ever. The captain more foolish and puzzled.

"Again, gentlemen, if I should be killed, my wife and children will absolutely need the money; but if I kill the captain, his property is absolutely of no sort of use to him after his funeral expenses are paid. Nor is my proposal without precedent. Upon such occasions, men of refined honor, and high courage have thought they could never do enough. When Best shot Lord Camelford, his lordship, on his deathbed, left his antagonist, who was in very poor circumstances, a handsome income, rejoicing, no doubt, that he had lived long enough to do such an act of magnanimity and finished honor. I never fired at a man as a mark in my life; I am sure to be shot. So you see my proposal is only a fair one; and as I make it to men of honor, I expect it to be acceded to."

"Oh, but!—yes, but!—you, sir!" exclaimed the captain.

"Really," interrupted the major, biting his lips, "I really think that, as men of finished honor, we must accede to the proposal."

The banker now flatly refused to fight on any other terms, putting it directly to the major as the most refined point of duelling honor that could be manifested on the occasion, till the two officers, though excessively provoked and annoyed, could no longer refuse their consent. The parchment was handed to them by the attorney, who saw it properly signed, and then the principals took their stand at fifteen paces' distance.

The banker had the first fire. Not wishing to be banished his country, or get into prison, or be tried for manslaughter or murder, he took very good care to fire wide of his mark, and away flew his innocent ball like a humming-bird across the fields.

Then came the captain's turn.

"Now," whispered the major, "aim low; keep steady—now—you've got him."

"Got him!" stammered the captain, his face turning blue, and his jaws falling. "Got him! put down my pha—, pay five hundred a year for being called a bullet-headed fool, and so prove it. Will you pay the money if I hit him?"

Away sped the bullet; but of course it did not hit the banker, though it whistled rather too close past the lawyer's ear, who had forgotten to have a similar agreement for himself in case of accidents.

The antagonists then shook hands. The major withdrew the Honorable Captain Sir Eustace Fitz Giles from the field, declaring that "his honor" was satisfied; and the banker went home to his wife and children.

But it is not always that those "meetings of honor" so end.

The Country Postmaster.

A country post-office, as a general matter, is simply a country store, with some odd corner railed off for secrecy, if not security. Anybody can go around behind there, if he is so fortunate as to be in the confidence—social or political—of the village postmaster. It is chiefly the women who step up to that desk timidly and doubtingly, as if asking a favor—or slide along, as girls do, and inquire for a letter in the softest whisper, lest even their names should be pronounced aloud in that public presence. To the rude boys the place is *exoairs*. For them alone is the iron rail spiked down so rigidly into the counter—to keep off trowsers' stuffs and heavy swinging boots.

Kegs and barrels—nail boxes and soap boxes—customers and letter-writers—men and boys—women and dogs—the box stove and the department letter-boxes—are all mingled at the post-office establishment with picturesque incongruity. Of a close, wintry evening, the apartment is redolent of savors unnumbered and indescribable. A row of men sit perched upon the smooth-faced counter; a row of boys, and men too, sit on boxes and nail kegs opposite the stove; whistling idlers stand and stare at the hoe and mop handles so nicely balanced overhead, possibly calculating if they would "hurt" much if they fell on their crowns; the iron stove roars, and growls, and sputters, from being frequently stirred up with sticks; little boys come in every few minutes and look up into the expressionless faces of the men sitting idly around—or listen attentively, with open mouths, to what they happen to be gossiping about—and then run uneasily out again; in the solemn pauses, the dull and heavy tickings of a wooden-wheeled Connecticut clock, perched up among the snuff jars and preserve pots, sound like Fate solemnly notching off Time, as it passes; now and then one of them, with an acuter sense of hearing (or longer ears, perhaps), than the rest, lifts his head and announces that the "stage is coming;" and, like the turning over of your hand, all present get up and shake themselves out against the arrival of the government messenger and the fetching in of the mail bags.

It makes a pretty scene. Teniers might have added it to his portfolio. How extremely odd it strikes one, thinking of all the men in a little town grouped around a hot stove in a country store, under a full headway of gossip about the affairs of other people, and, to appearance, as much impressed with the weight of their responsibility as if the nation itself rested on their round shoulders.

Their wives at home, poor women!—else how would the affairs of the house get on? *They* must not go a-gadding; but the *lords*—they may sit about in the post-office till they have to come home for patches to their trowsers' seats; and not a word of complaint must be uttered against it!

Well, and the mail-coach rattles up. If in the winter, it is after dark a long while; but if it be summer weather, the sweet twilight is gloaming all over the town. Such delicious draughts of enjoyment as one may drink in on the summer nights at this particular hour—draughts like the cool airs of spice islands, that play about one's temples and daily with his very heart!

The echoes of the driver's voice are to be heard all over the secluded streets—"Get up along! *G'lang!*" The heavy rattling of the wheels makes music against the sides of the meeting-house, and fills the town with the notes of its warning. The post-office door opens, and forth steps a boy to take the mail; and the pencil of light from the one or two tallow dips within projects itself far out into the desert of darkness.

The cluttered little office is instantly in a hubbub. Every eye is turned on the mail-bag and the postmaster. At this particular moment the latter is at his zenith. The bystanders watch him as he proceeds to void the responsible pouch of its precious contents. They count up every package, parcel, and newspaper that comes to the light, and appear as much pleased at what they discover as children are over the miscellaneous contents of their Christmas stockings. They give their minds to the study of color, size, thickness, and relative importance of each article that is exposed.

Many of those nearest the counter, and these who, by reason of age or property-value, feel "privileged" in the place, venture on taking a piece or two of mail-matter into their hands, which they proceed to "heft" and make shrewd computations about. Some of the more forward lads crowd up under the men's elbows; and no one can find an odd head here and an odd boy there, and a spare leg or arm somewhere else, which, anatomically arranged, would fairly represent you with the manners common to country boys in the post-office at the hour when the mail arrives.

In good time the contents of the bag are all assorted; that is to say, after waiting and *willing*. It would astonish an old Hollander himself—what a dreadfully *slow* man the postmaster is; the more that is pressing upon him for despatch, the less he is actually able to accompish. Nothing confuses him, for he will not perceive it. Still the miscellaneous talk about the room does bother him, and he now and then looks sharply up over his spectacles, as a thorough schoolmaster looks around his little realm of a school-room.

When, at length, the critical moment does come, he begins without the perceptible flutter of a nerve. "Mr. Atkins!" he calls out in a tone of appropriate solemnity. The gentleman by that name makes a half bow, as he would say, "Excuse me for a moment, all hands!" slips off his seat on the head of a barrel of Genesee flour standing in the darkest corner of the store, and supplicatingly holds out his hand above the counter; or, if he cannot pierce the crowd, a file of good men and true pass over the documents to him from headquarters, every one of whom embraces such opportunity to study the postmark as closely as the tallowy flare of the light will allow him.

"Mr. Battles!" again sings up the official at the desk. Everybody looks around to find Mr. Battles. He is sought after with as anxious care as the hundredth sheep that went astray. His acquaintance explore every corner and cranny, look one side and another of the stove-pipe, and finally respond: "He is not here!" Then "Mr. Cannikin!" He comes forward as far as the jam permits him, and is put in possession of his mail much after the style of Mr. Atkins. Then "Miss Fairmade!" At which some of the young men exchange jokes in a low voice while a little boy—who has been on the lookout for his pretty sister—reaches out his tawny hand and makes an effective grab for it and carries it off.

So on through the list. To those who go without a word to their own boxes and being away their mails with a tap on the glass, this picture may seem an exaggeration; but back in the country, and altogether beyond town reach, it will be recognized at a glance for the truth. Again and again have we heard our name called out in the ears of the town magnates, and received what mail matter was rightfully ours through the hands of we could not tell how many accommodating men and boys, mixed together in officious confusion.

On mooted points of law—especially constitutional law—the country postmaster is strong beyond any one's estimate. He has the mother wit to keep a handful of stray old Congressional Reports, bound and lettered on the dusty shelf at his back—as well as a more solid-looking copy of the Statutes, in imposing calf; and, with this legal stock in trade, he sets the town at defiance. Of course he is not to be contradicted on matters pertaining to the nation and its welfare, for, sustaining such close relations with the government, how is it supposed that any other man can know some things as well as he? Even Goldsmith's schoolmaster is no match for him in the line of "arguing still." Not even a member of the President's Cabinet can give an opinion with more pragmatic decision, or deliver himself with greater assurance of the intentions of the august Washington authorities. He stands as the village Rajah—the Great Mogul—at the head of the political wigwam of the place. National politics take their local coloring by being passed through the rather opaque medium of his official commentary. He is sketched, in the party's mind, as the one man who keeps the keys, the seals, and the secrets. If a single man contemplates so reckless a step as party bookselling, or defection, he of all the rest, is close behind him to make him quake in whatever clothes he happens to have on!

Thus does the postmaster practically become the centre of town patronage and town consequence. All look up to him, as they do to the village flag-staff, from which the "stars and stripes" are in the habit of waving. If any grumble at this or that, it makes very little difference; they are obliged to keep on even terms with him, and pocket all their dissatisfactions in silence.

The women either like or dislike him, and that very decidedly. The younger portion, however, are careful to drop no syllable that can reach the postmaster's family, and so make infinite trouble for themselves.

When they trip across into the office, they expect a joke from him, rather slyly, about their distant correspondents, which shows with what studious thoroughness he informs himself, and what a memory, passing all wonder, he has. Indeed, it affords him intense satisfaction to poke fun at the girls about their beaux, and to tease them with intent to draw forth still more of their little love secrets.

"Swar Right."

Somebody relates the following anecdote of Deacon F———, the well-known member of the "cultured persuasion:"

"Old Deacon F——— brought an action against his next door neighbor for a trespass of some sort upon his hand-cart. The Deacon's witness was giving his testimony apparently in a straightforward manner, when the old fellow got on his feet and exclaimed,—'Please de court, I wish yer make dat witness swar right. I brung him up purpose to swar dat han'-cart was in dat cellar, an' now he swars jest tarrer way. I wish de court make him swar right!'"

☞ No man ever did or ever will do his duty *by and by*.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
  All traces of mankind from earth—
As if 'twere sin to curse them not,
  They so degrade, so shame their birth.
To think that earth should be so fair,
  So beautiful—so bright a thing;
That nature should come forth and wear
  Such glorious apparelling;
That sea and sky should live and glow,
  With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet men never seem to know
  How much a God of love can bless—
  How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down, and light
  Like floods of gold the Western sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
  And every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above—
  And then when men should soar, if ever,
To the high home of thought and soul—
  When life's degrading ties should sever,
And the free spirit spurn control—
  Then have I seen, and how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel
  That truth is in the words I speak—
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
  Away to their unhallowed mirth
  As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share;
  And glorious heaven were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I've found unworthiness of thought;
And when I deemed I just had caught
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rosy lips looked eloquent—
Oh! I have turned away and wept to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I stood in one of those high halls
  Where Genius breathes in sculptured stone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
  On pencilled beauty. They had gone.
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
  Had wrought such power; but yet they spoke
To me in every feature still.
  And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly
  To life and motion. I had knelt
And wept with Mary, at the tree
  Where Jesus suffered. I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
  At the stern buffet of the Jew—
Had seen the Son of Glory bow,
  And bleed for sins He never knew—
And I had wept. I thought that all
  Must feel like me—and when there came
A stranger, bright and beautiful,
  With step of grace, and eye of flame,
And tone and look most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent,
Oh! then I looked for tears. We stood
  Before the scene of Calvary—
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
  The gall—the writhe of agony—
I saw His quivering lips in prayer,
"Father, forgive them"—all was there:
  I turned, in bitterness of soul,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
  Her feelings would refuse control;
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
  With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly,
  And coldly curled her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment. Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for Thee?

Oh! what is woman—what her smile—
  Her look of love—her eye of light—
What is she if her lips revile
  The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow;
  Or linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
  Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

My Lord—I dare say you will not be overwell pleased to get a letter from me, for most like your lordship thought me dead (and glad enough to be rid of me), seeing I have not troubled you for years past. Nor would I now, but I am drove to do it. The old story, Mr. John. We are hard pushed for money, and must come on you for some more. Two hundred pounds would be worth a fortune to us just now; and if you send it to Mrs. Sark, under cover to Palmer Brothers, Government Quay, Perth, W. A., we shall be sure to get it all serene.

I tell you again, I am drove to do it, for James's sake. As for me, I'd sooner chop my hand off than touch a single coin out of your purse. But my husband is dear to me; and as for seeing him a beggar, and worried and hunted down by the police, while you are rolling in riches, it's what I will not bear. The tin is nothing to you—two paltry hundreds. You owe us more than that. I ask you, Mr. John, civil, to give James and me another two hundred pounds, to set us up in business again, in some other colony, for this is grown too hot to hold us. If you are wise, you won't need twice asking. If not, you'll maybe hear more than may prove agreeable to you of your humble servant to command,

Lois Sark.

Address—Mrs. Sark, care of Palmer Brothers, Merchants, Government Quay, Perth, Western Australia.

The debate in the House of Lords had been long and animated. The muster of the peers was of more than average strength; and there was actually some little excitement and eagerness among the hereditary legislators. It was evident that something above the usual dead-level of common-place talk was expected. It had been known that Lord Ulswater was to address the House; and club quidnuncs—who affect to know everything—had predicted that Ulswater's would be the speech of the evening. It was mainly to hear Lord Ulswater that the attendance of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal waxed so strong. The bishops were there, of course—quite an imposing array of lawn sleeves; and the law-lords were there; and the Lord High Chancellor of England loomed majestic on the woolsack; and there were the leaders of government and opposition, with a certain number of working partisans of both sides. But it was not on their account that so many young peers, and middle-aged peers, who cared no more for everyday legislation than if they had been so many Gallios of the political world, had been tempted into the House. Bishops and law-lords and Chancellor, and working partisans, they could see and hear any day; but this speech of Ulswater's was expected to be a telling one, and the cream of the debate.

It was a church question, and it is only on church questions that the Upper House cares to make some fight with the opinion of the press and of the public. The government wished to carry some point relating to ecclesiastical matters, and the Commons and the bulk of the newspapers backed the government. Two irritable bishops and a mild archbishop spoke on this question, for and against the bill, and one of the bishops spoke well. A marquis mumbled out a few words inaudible in the gallery; and two dukes asked questions, and seemed content with the answers they got; and there was a passage of arms between the Lord President of the Council and a testy Irish earl. Then the real battle began. There were statements and explanations on the part of government, sullen thunder from the great leader of Opposition, and much weaker thunder from the ministry; next a sharp stinging rejoinder, directed by the Chancellor against the bishops who had spoken irritably, and then it was that Lord Ulswater rose.

He rose, and all listened. It was known that he was able and eloquent, and he was in some sort looked upon as the future champion of his party. The great leader, Lord Tintagel, was growing old, and his thunder was hardly the earth-shaking roar that it had once been. Orators are scarce among the hereditaries. There was a very good chance that if John, Lord Ulswater, would but stick to politics, he might rise one day to be the chief of his party; and that was why men had collected to hear him speak, why the reporters were so busy with their pens, and why the galleries were crowded. There is always an interest in observing how a young race-horse of high promise takes his initiatory gallops across the turf of the downs. The Pall-Mall prophets wanted to see whether this clever young peer could be discreet as well as bitter; whether he could parry and thrust, and hold his own with tough veterans. If so, he might look for prospective Garters and First Lordships of the Admiralty, perhaps for the Premiership itself. Hence their interest. As for the matter in debate, that was not much; and Cicero himself could not have had any real influence on the division. The very dullest knew that. It was by the votes of absent peers that the struggle would virtually be decided. The Lord President was known to have many proxies in his pocket; Lord Tintagel, many more. When the proper moment came, they would pull these out, and conclude the battle by a process of arithmetic. But still it was to listen to the anticipated speech that the House had filled so well.

A very good speech it was, very good indeed, to be spoken by so young a man, not long a legislator, and without the previous training of the stormy Lower House. Brilliant, but not boastful—tinged with scholarship, and yet not pedantic, it had the further merit of being sarcastic, and not spiteful. It was a good speech, not only for what it said, but for what it did not say, pungent, sparkling, sensible, modest—a speech that boded grander efforts and greater successes in the future. Perhaps the orator's personal gifts may have contributed to his success, for Lord Ulswater was of a goodly presence, tall and fair, and frank of eye and brow. He sat down amidst applause—such a murmur and buzz of approbation as could be expected from that cold assembly. Then men came to shake him by the hand, and give him their congratulations, more or less hearty, upon the success he had achieved.

The great chief did not stir from his seat, though he smiled and nodded blandly from a distance. The general in command of Her Majesty's Opposition could not reasonably be asked to pay greater honors than these to the most deserving subaltern. But Lord Tintagel's nods meant much, and already something of the aureola of prospective office was beginning, in the eyes of many, to encompass Lord Ulswater's handsome head.

With a flush of triumph on his brow, and a pleasant light in his dark-blue eyes, the hero of the moment was laughingly acknowledging the encouragement of his friends, when a letter was brought to him by one of the attendants of the House. Lord Ulswater was in the act of shaking hands with the more hot-tempered and energetic of the two prelates—the Lord Bishop of Slochester—on whose behalf he had broken a lance with the terrible Chancellor, when his eyes fell on this letter. A queer, squarely-folded document it was, sealed with red wax, scored and stamped with red ink, and marked with the words "Ship-letter." An uncouth, yet a self-asserting missive, written on thick blue paper, and very carefully directed to the Right Hon. the Lord Ulswater, Park Lane, London, with the words "Private" and "Most immediate" conspicuously penned upon the cover, and strongly underlined. It was on account of these written injunctions that his lordship's secretary had started without delay for Westminster, and had sent in the letter to his employer without loss of time. The letter came from Western Australia, and the handwriting, though singularly bold, was a woman's.

He to whom the letter was addressed knew the writing well enough. He took the thick square-folded packet which the official had brought to him, and thrust it into his pocket with a quiet smile, continuing his conversation with those about him, as if the intrusive epistle had been of no consequence to him. But, somehow, the bloom of his triumph had been rudely brushed away, and the cup at his very lip had turned bitter. He cared no more for the praise of gray-headed old peers, or of fresh-complexioned young ones. Lord Tintagel's Olympian nods of approval had lost their zest. A chill fell upon the group that had gathered around the hopeful neophyte of their party. Lord Ulswater kept his countenance very well, but his answers became dull and mechanical. What cared he, with that unread letter in his pocket, whether the Bishop of Slochester and his brother of Bullocksmithy did or did not predict great things of his future championship of the church. What was it to him if bluff barons growled expressions of good-will into his ear, or if boy-marquises exulted at his elbow, while that threatening thing, with its great red seal and uncouth folds, lay lurking in his breast, like a frozen snake waiting to be slowly thawed into life.

Gradually the group around the successful man broke up and dispersed; and then, not hurriedly, but slowly, and with a careless carriage of the head, the successful man himself sauntered away. One of the peers who are good enough to perform in their exalted sphere the duties of those gentlemen who are called "whips" in the Commons, came hastily forward, and took the deserter by the button.

"You're not going? We shall divide presently, you know," said the button-holder.

"I shall be in the library. I will be back in time to vote," said Lord Ulswater smiling; and he was released.

There would be no division for some half-hour or more, since the government had put up one of their proxiest supporters to speak, and that noble lord was doing his best to efface, by two columns of drear statistics, and sleepy commonplace, the effect of the late discourse.

In the library, save for an attendant or two, and a deaf old lord in a brown wig, reading up poor-law facts in Hansard, the hope and pride of his side of the House found himself alone. He drew the letter from his pocket, and as he did so, for the first time the shadow of a great sorrow fell athwart his broad frank brow, and he looked haggard and ill. He was a bold man; no one had ever doubted that. His courage had been recognized, along with his other popular qualities, at Eton, at Christ-church, and in whatever position he had been placed, from boyhood upwards. But he held the square, ugly ship-letter in his hand for some little time, a minute or two minutes, before he broke the seal. Its contents, to him, were no great mystery; he had divined them at a glance, when he had seen and known the handwriting; but still he hoped against hope.

He held the letter, unopened, for a little space, hesitating. Why not? It is said that the bravest feel a thrill of something that is akin to fear when first they hearken to the roar, long expected, of the dread artillery. This letter, to Lord Ulswater's fancy, was as the opening gun of a battle that admitted of no truce, no flinching from the heat of the strife, no mercy to the vanquished—a grim, hard fight for life or death. A great gulf of ruin yawned suddenly before him, and he knew that he would need the help of all his energies, and of all his gifts of mind and body, to avoid the pitfall in his path—a pit, it may be, of his own digging, but so much the more dangerous in the present, perhaps the more fatal in the time to come.

Setting his teeth firmly, he tore the letter open, and read it once, twice, and then a third time. He was calm now, or at least composed, and although he knew himself to be virtually free from observation, he kept his features under firm control. There was no frown on his fair forehead, no flash in his dark-blue eyes. But he could not prevent his lips from gradually growing white, or the eyes themselves from darkening in hue till they seemed nearly black, as, in excitement, they were apt to do, or the color from fading out of his cheek. His lips never once trembled, however, and his attitude lost none of its easy grace as he re-read the writing for the last time.

Then he refolded the letter, carefully replaced it in his pocket, and taking up a book that lay on a table near him, fluttered over the leaves in an indifferent manner, reading, or seeming to read, scraps of its contents selected almost at random. While thus employed, the usual good-humored smile came back to the face that had looked so deathly pale and stern but a few minutes back; the eyes regained their bright, untroubled look; and no observer would have guessed that John, Baron Ulswater, had a single care to weigh upon his breast, though never so lightly. Presently he went back, in time to give his vote; and when the result of the division was made known, the House hardly waited for the further formalities to adjourn. It broke up, and its members went their way. It was high-tide just then in the London season, and Lord Ulswater was pledged to show himself in more than one great lady's crowded drawing-rooms. But those who had counted on him as one of the minor lions of the time, reckoned without their truant guest. Lord Ulswater went to his own dwelling in Park Lane, and was seen no more that night.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES MR. MOSS.

Mr. Moss, attorney-at-law, solicitor, and gentleman, as per act of Parliament, had his place of business in the Old Jewery. The situation suited him, inasmuch as it was conveniently near to the central criminal court, where the bulk of his business lay, and to Her Majesty's prison of Newgate, where many of his clients were lodged. Mr. Moss may, or may not, have had any sentimental predilections for the precise locality in which he had pitched his professional tent; the Old Jewry has a suggestive sound, and there were those who averred that Mr. Moss was himself a Jew. If so, he was a Hebrew of a very modern pattern, being a smart little personage, dapper, and yet plump, as to his person; florid and tolerably well-favored as to his face. His hair was dark, certainly, but it was worn short, well-brushed, and exquisitely parted. His eyes were black as sloes, but many Anglo-Saxons have eyes of that color. He was rosy, clean, and wholesome of visage. Few of those who had dealings with him cared, however, whether he attended church or synagogue. He signed himself N. Moss, which initial prefix may have stood for Nathan, or Naboth, or Naphtali, no doubt, but would have answered equally well for Nicholas.

And St. Nicholas, patron, according to old legend, of thieves, would have been an extremely appropriate saint for Mr. Moss to be named after. The trim attorney had a well-merited reputation for being serviceable to clients in trouble. From Clerkenwell to the Old Bailey, from Lambeth police-court to that of Thames street, Mr. Moss was as well known to tipstaff and police as His Worship or My Lord Judge. The Middlesex magistrates were on terms of nodding acquaintanceship with this rogues' champion; and lord-mayors, bearing the sword of justice at Guildhall, soon learned to know the features of Mr. Moss as well as if he had been their own brother.

It was towards noon on the day following the debate on church matters in which Lord Ulswater had so greatly distinguished himself, that one of the clerks from the outer office brought in a card to Mr. Moss. The lawyer, who was making extracts from a book full of memoranda, and every now and then laying down the pen to resume what appeared to be the more interesting occupation of paring his pink finger-nails with a sharp little knife, could not repress a slight start of surprise as he took the card. It was Lord Ulswater's name that was engraved thereon, and it was not often, most likely, that the peerage of England paid visits in the Old Jewry.

"Yes, I'm disengaged: show the gentleman in," said the lawyer, shutting up the penknife with a snap; and the clerk did as he was bid. Lord Ulswater, tall, fair-haired, and radiant with good looks and good-humor, seemed quite like a gleam of sunshine as he entered the dingy den where the attorney awaited him. The first words that passed between the two men proved that they were not strangers to each other.

"I am fortunate in finding you here, Mr. Moss. Remembering your many engagements, I hardly expected it," said the visitor.

"Always happy to be of service to your lordship. Pray, sit down, my lord.—Chair, Aminadab.—Once a client, always a client, has been my rule through life," replied the host; and the clerk went out, and left his employer and the new-comer together.

"And what can I have the pleasure of doing for you now, my lord?" said the attorney after a pause, seeing that the other hesitated.

But Lord Ulswater did not immediately reply, but sat looking keenly at the lawyer, who also eyed his client with sharp but not hostile scrutiny. An incongruous pair of acquaintances! It was not only in rank and in address that there was a difference between them; the contrast was more than skin deep. Had the two changed places, it would have been the same. Lord Ulswater was one of those few whom it seems as if fortune had no power to degrade. Had he been an artisan in a factory, a private soldier in the ranks, a laborer in the fields, he had that in his bearing and look which would have singled him out from the rest. There was much talk, once, about nature's noblemen, and so far as the eye might judge, Lord Ulswater was clearly noble by nature's letters-patent, as well as by the accident of birth. Unassuming, gracious without effort, kind to high and low, there seemed to be something chivalric about the man—something that made the eyes of men, and still more of women, follow him as he passed them by. It did not require a great stretch of imagination to fancy that Lord Ulswater, in time of need, might play a hero's part in the world.

Mr. Moss, though not ill-looking, had none of this brilliance. His face, when closely scanned, was seen to be shrewd, merry, courageous, and somewhat impudent. He affected a sporting style in attire. His coat was always cut in what is known as a horsey mode; he wore a white hat more commonly than a black one; his blue neck-scarf was secured by a gold horse-shoe pin; and of the bunch of charms that dangled from his heavy guard chain, nearly all had some occult reference to the turf or the chase. But for his smart habiliments, Mr. Moss would have borne no trifling resemblance to a saucy London sparrow, knowing everything, and respecting nothing.

On the present occasion, he was, however, civil-spoken, and disposed to deference; but he had probably reasons of his own for what he did. He was no blind idolater of the aristocracy. One man's money, so Mr. Moss thought, was as good as another man's, and he well knew the class that supplied his probable paymasters. But he was glad to see Lord Ulswater within his doors, and he had no desire to disgust his distinguished client by any flippancy of manner.

"You may probably remember, Mr. Moss," said the visitor, with a very slight hesitation, which the sharp attorney did not fail to note—"you may probably remember undertaking, at my request, the defence of a person who was tried at the Old Bailey Sessions of 18—; a man named Sark—James Sark?"

"Quite well, my lord. Recollect it as if the trial had been yesterday. Your lordship—Mr. Carnac then—very liberally paid all costs and expenses, having an interest in the prisoner—ahem!" answered the lawyer, eyeing Lord Ulswater in a stealthy way, but stopping abruptly in his speech as he saw the gradual hardening of the noble face on which his gaze was riveted. Lord Ulswater's anger, rarely evoked, manifested itself in an unusual fashion: there was no frown and no flash, but the blue eyes contracted, darkening well-nigh to blackness; and the fair face became cold, and colorless, and stern, like the marble mask of a statue. Those who had seen that change come over the lineaments of John Carnac, in boyhood, or in manhood, had seldom felt comfortable in confronting those signs of the calm deep wrath that scorned to show itself by the tokens of vulgar rage. The attorney had seen that look upon his guest's countenance before, and he was not slow to take the warning it conveyed.

"No offence, my lord," he said, in a deprecatory tone; "I did my best to carry out your wishes. They obtained a conviction, as it turned out, and my client, as an old hand, got fourteen years of it." Mr. Moss was quite serious now. There was that in Lord Ulswater's manner which chilled undue familiarity.

The visitor paused for a moment, and then, in a measured tone of conscious strength, rejoined:

"I *did* take an interest in the man Sark; but not for the man's own sake. He was wholly a stranger to me. It was on his wife's account that I took the trouble to provide him with legal assistance. She was much attached to him, and her distress touched me. It was an unfortunate circumstance, no doubt, that a young woman, so respectably educated as she was, should have married such a desperado. He was, you remember, found guilty."

"Found guilty; just so. I cannot bring off all my clients, you know, my lord," said Mr. Moss, smilingly.

"No; but you do not sell all your clients, I presume, as you sold Sark?" returned Lord Ulswater, looking the attorney full in the face.

The effect of this question upon the Old Jewry solicitor was ghastly in its abruptness; the rosy little man became haggard and sallow in a moment, and he peered fearfully around the room, as if he thought some lurking eaves-dropper might be hiding behind the grimy window-curtains. Then he rose, stole on tiptoe to the door, softly grasped the handle, and flung the door open with a jerk. No key-hole listener was there. He reclosed the door, and wiped his forehead, damp with the dews of fear.

"By Heaven, my lord!" he whispered, huskily, "I think you want me to be murdered. How did I know but one of those imps, Aminadab and the rest, might be listening? And once let the word spread in certain quarters that shall be nameless, that I ever did—what you said I did—and—" Mr. Moss did not finish the sentence in words, but he drew his open hand twice across his neck, immediately beneath the chin, thus imitating, in ingenious pantomime, the cutting of a throat.

Lord Ulswater eyed him with much composure, as a naturalist might watch the wriggling of some ugly little reptile.

"So I should suppose," was his cold reply. "Your customers are not free from vulgar prejudices, and they would be apt to resent the absence of honor among thieves—and thieves' lawyers. Perhaps you will do me the favor to sit down again. And now, Mr. Moss, you will oblige me by listening to what I have to say, without interruptions which waste time. The facts of the case are briefly these. The woman, Sark's wife, being too poor to secure attorney and counsel for the defence of her husband, applied to me for assistance; I engaged your valuable services. It appeared to me, on hearing how strong was the evidence against the prisoner, and how bad and desperate was his character, that it would be a pity if, through some flaw or quibble of law such a man as he were to be set free to pursue his career of warfare with society. Transportation, I thought, was his best chance, and a new life in Australia afforded him the only hope of mending his ways. You agreed with me in those views."

Here Mr. Moss winced painfully, but Lord Ulswater's falcon glance was upon him, and he did not venture on an outspoken protest.

"And, in short, matters were so managed that Sark received a sentence of transportation, and was presently shipped off to a penal settlement, where his wife, through my help, rejoined him. The convict behaved well, earned his conditional liberty, and he and his wife, with such slender pecuniary assistance as I, being then a younger son, could give, set up in some small way of business, and, for a time, did reasonably well. I fear that they have had misfortunes, or that the man has relapsed into his old evil ways, which I should regret, I am sure. I wish them both well. I should be heartily glad to hear that they were happy and prosperous—in Australia." Lord Ulswater laid very great emphasis on these last two words, and the puzzled expression that had clouded the lawyer's face cleared off as by magic. He arched his eyebrows, and screwed up his mouth, as if in the act of indulging in a prolonged though silent whistle.

"Whew! that's it, is it? I see. In Australia. Exactly so. Much better there than here. A pity, a sad pity, that Mr. and Mrs. Sark should break bounds, and come back to England, with all its temptations—a very great pity indeed," said Mr. Moss, with twinkling eyes.

"It would, as you say, be a pity. But it is not unlikely, I fear, to come about, since Sark is again in trouble, and evidently restless," said Lord Ulswater.

"May I ask if your lordship is sure of this?" inquired Mr. Moss, with so well-feigned an air of doubt, that it threw his companion for an instant off his guard.

"Sure of it? Lois herself wrote me word," he began, and then stopped short, regretting the incautious utterance that was already beyond recall. He looked hard at the lawyer, suspecting, and not without reason, that he had been trapped into a hasty admission; but the face of Mr. Moss wore its most innocent expression.

"Those old lags," said the attorney thoughtfully—"I say old, because Sark had been transported before—get a home-longing upon them sometimes, in the colonial townships, in the bush, or where not, that's like nothing so much as the fierce desire for water of a man perishing from thirst. It draws them back to the old country, although they know how much better their chance is on the other side of the herring-pond. But they will do it, and I don't see how we are to prevent it. It's not a hanging matter now, to be a runaway transport."

This time, the lawyer spoke in all sincerity, and, by some subtle instinct of perception, which we all possess in a greater or less degree, Lord Ulswater felt that it was so. His own voice was earnest and almost eager as he made answer: "Let us understand each other, Mr. Moss. I have come here to ask you to give me your help, so far, and no further than you safely can. To you, this man's return, should any untoward accident reveal to him the part you played at his trial, is a serious risk; while to me I admit that it would be an annoyance. I wish to prevent him from carrying out any rash project that he may have formed; but, first, I must have clear and reliable information. Am I mistaken in believing that you have ways and means of procuring very recent and very accurate tidings of what goes on in Western Australia? You understand me?"

"I—I think I do," said Mr. Moss reluctantly. "I could find out something, if I had a couple of days to make inquiries, and I could then communicate—"

But here Lord Ulswater laid his hand lightly on the lawyer's sleeve. "Plain-speaking is best, Mr. Moss," said he; "news at second-hand is not always worth the buying. I prefer going in person to the fountain-head for information. Introduce me to the oracle; let me hear with my own ears such intelligence as is to be had, and do not doubt that the service will be a well-paid one."

Mr. Moss made wry faces at this proposal, and dropped more than one obscure hint as to the probable peril, if Lord Ulswater should venture on personally exploring the remote eastern regions which the attorney indicated by a jerk of his thumb. But these warnings being received with a smile of quiet contempt, and the stubborn purpose of his high-born client remaining unshaken, Mr. Moss succumbed, and agreed to an appointment, at dusk, on the third day following. There were preparations to be made, he remarked, and preliminary inquiries, entailing trouble and expense. Lord Ulswater had probably anticipated this broad hint, for he drew a rustling piece of crisp bank-paper from his pocket-book, and placed it in the solicitor's ready hand; then he rose.

"I shall be punctual," said Lord Ulswater, as he turned to leave the room.

"And so shall I," said Mr. Moss, bustling forward to bow the visitor out—"unless your lordship thinks better of it, and drops me a line to say so. We shall have to go to queer places, and among queer lots, I can assure you. Good-morning, my lord.—The arrangement holds, then?" whispered Mr. Moss on the door-step. Lord Ulswater merely smiled, but the smile was more expressive than words—the quiet, self-conscious smile of a man who was not to be turned from his purpose by idle fears or glib persuasion. The attorney stood watching the tall form of his client until it became lost in the stream of passengers, and then, shaking his head airily, as a bird might have done, he went slowly back into the stronghold of his office.

CHAPTER III.

ET. PAGANS.

It was a wild night. The sea moaned as if in pain, heaving with a dull sound against the cliff-foot. The wind howled shrilly, and the

white-winged sea-mews, harbingers of the threatening storm, screamed out their harsh complaining cry as they flew inland. The sun had not long gone down, but the summer sky was black with driving clouds, and the mist floated, dim and vaporous, over the bare bleak downs.

St. Pagans Abbey, built of gray stone, and standing lonely on the verge of the cliff, was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding objects of that rugged coast-line. Huge, dark, and melancholy, the old house stood like a sentinel mounting guard upon the frontier-line between land and sea. Its long facade would have been in complete darkness, but that the mingled light of fire and candle streamed from two of the windows on the ground-floor, looking seaward. And there was something sad in the very glow and redness of that unseasonable fire-light, which told, as fires burning in the sweet summer-time are apt to tell, of illness and of suffering.

All the rest of the great pile, what with mist and what with the murky twilight, was in deep shadow. Through the gathering blackness, the keenest eye might have strained in vain to see such beauties as the place possessed—the broken shafts and shattered oriel of the Lady Chapel, the elaborate carving of the stone groins and mullions, or even the noble porch, over which still stood the weather-stained effigy of St. Paganus himself, with episcopal staff and mitre, while beneath the saint's sandalled feet the Carnac coat of arms was deeply cut in the hard Caen stone; for the abbey and its broad lands had been a gift from King Henry VIII. to Sir Randulph Carnac, and still belonged to the descendants of that fortunate knight. County histories and books of reference recorded St. Pagans as the principal seat of Lord Ulswater.

A grand old house it was, but not a cheerful one. Something of the gloom and unwholesome stagnation of its former occupants clung to the place yet, and threw a shadow over the lives that were spent there. There were long passages, paved with stone or floored with oak; narrow stairs that wound tortuously up to square turrets overlooking the dull gray sea or the dull green downs; there were vast and lofty rooms, contrasting with cells into which modern philanthropy would not permit a felon to be thrust; and the very panels were of dark wood, that seemed to swallow up the sunlight on the brightest day in June. It was a house in which there lurked scores of unsuspected echoes, ready to burst forth and repeat, with ghostly hollowness, the clapping of a door, the shriek of the wind, or a heavy footfall on the flooring that covered crypts as extensive as the chambers above ground.

No wonder that the abbey had the ill name that adheres to many an ancient mansion, and was believed by the ignorant to be haunted and accursed. The old ecclesiastical owners, it was whispered in cottage and farmstead for leagues around, would not quite forsake the place whence the king had driven them forth. Strange noises were heard at night—so the legend ran. The pale gleam of tapers lighted by no earthly hands was sometimes seen to glimmer amid the ruins of the chapel, and the faint sound of music and of chanting was heard to float upon the midnight air. There was talk, too, of a spectral Monk that was seen, now and again, to glide with noiseless tread through the long passages that led from the refectory and the guest-chamber to what had been the abbot's house. Some were yet living who were obstinate in their assertion that they, warned by a creeping terror that came suddenly upon them when traversing the corridors alone, had looked round, and had seen that tall form, robed in its black Benedictine garb, with cowl drawn down, and girdle of cord, pass them by, stately and silent, ay, pass them by so near that the coarse robe of serge well-nigh touched them; yet there was no sound, nothing but a chill, as if an ice-cold blast of wind had swept past. High wages were not always temptation enough to keep servants beneath the roof-tree of St. Pagans Abbey; and indeed the present possessor, though for other than superstitious motives, kept aloof from the place.

The room whence the firelight threw its flickering gleam into the increasing darkness without, was the smallest of the spacious suite of saloons that fronted the sea—the smallest, but the one that had preserved the most thoroughly such features of its old design as might serve to conjure up pictures of the long-buried Past. It was called the Tapestry Room. The walls were hung with arras, admirably preserved, and of which the colors had faded but little since patient eyes and deft fingers had finished their toil upon that gigantic task of needle-work. These hangings represented some scriptural subject; and though the Jewish champions were the armor of the fifteenth century, and the ladies were in the court-costume of Queen Margaret's day, the groups were boldly sketched, and the details wrought out with painful care. The ceiling was of black oak, polished like a mirror, and so was the floor, as far as the soft carpet permitted a margin of the shining wood to be visible. The furniture was imitated from the antique, with such concessions to modern ideas of comfort as were necessary to nineteenth-century inmates. There was a sort of alcove at one end of the chamber, which had once served the abbot as a private oratory, though the rich crucifix had long since been torn down by rude hands.

The two occupants of the room afforded a marked contrast to each other. The elder was a tall, gray-haired woman, gaunt and hard-featured, with high cheek-bones, and forehead deeply furrowed. She looked so stern and so strong in her cold pride, that it was not until the firm mouth softened into a smile that her true nature revealed itself. And yet Lady Harriet Ashe, aunt to the late lord, as well as to the present holder of the family honors, was a thoroughly good woman, gentler in deeds than in looks. Herself an old maid, with no ties but those of consanguinity, she had devoted her life to the sickly boy, her dead sister's son, who had last worn the Ulswater coronet; had nursed him and cared for him, and studied his whims, and been his best friend. Reginald Carnac, brother of the present lord, had owed it to his aunt's care that he ever grew up to be a man, to take his place among his peers, to marry, and to hail the birth of a son who might inherit after him. Then the black cloud of misfortune had closed around his manhood more darkly yet. Wifeless and childless, the late lord had been glad to die; and the kind old hand that had smoothed his pillow so often in his infancy, had had the task of closing his eyes for their last sleep.

But Lady Harriet did not leave St. Pagans. The new owner, John, Lord Ulswater, was unmarried, and he rarely visited the great country-house where his ancestors had dispensed hospitality, so that Lady Harriet was still *de facto* mistress of the abbey. The other occupant of the room was a girl, whose face, in spite of its wax-like pallor, was loveliness itself, but a loveliness which saddened the gazer. The blue eyes were too large and too wistful, the thin cheek too transparent in its delicacy, and there was too much that was eager, too much that was thoughtful, in the expression of the whole countenance, for its looks to have been consistent with healthy, joyous youth. Even in her attitude, the guest offered a forcible contrast to her hostess: whereas Lady Harriet, with old-fashioned rigidity, sat stiffly upright in her chair, as if her sixty-five years weighed lightly upon her, the visitor reclined upon a couch, and was propped up with soft cushions. A second glance told the cause of this. Ruth Morgan, with the face of an angel, was a hopeless invalid from her childhood up; a poor crippled thing, whose curved spine made her a sufferer for life. There was something anomalous in this girl's whole condition. She had rare beauty and considerable talents, but her infirmity shut her out from all the ordinary hopes of womankind. The daughter and the sister of two of the richest commoners in England, she was yet poor, and almost dependent on her brother; and although she was on terms of friendship and habitual intercourse with women of Lady Harriet's rank, she had no pretensions to high social standing. Her father, the architect, as the phrase runs, of his own fortune, had begun life with no other capital than his own strong arm and shrewd brains; he had died a millionaire, and had left his son a very wealthy man.

There was some sunshine in Ruth's dreary life, after all. Every one somehow grew to be fond of her. The hardest natures relented towards this poor pretty thing, to whom the crowning glory of womanhood was for ever denied. There was something in the sweet pale face, something in those great sad eyes, that softened the hearts of even the worldliest, for it was plain that Ruth's earthly pilgrimage would not be a long one. She was, as it were, marked for an early grave, and all the care of those who loved her could but delay the stroke for a little while. Those London physicians whose fame was highest, and whose fees were heaviest, had of late agreed in ordering the patient to the seaside, and Lady Harriet had invited her to spend the early summer at St. Pagans. It was better, she said, than a Brighton lodging or a villa at Ventnor, and she—Lady Harriet Ashe—would be the happier for having some one to nurse. There those two, guest and hostess, the proud patrician old maid and the dying girl, sat together in the Tapestry Room, with the curtains drawn back, and the warm red firelight flickering forth into the murky darkness without.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

"It was a night like this," said Lady Harriet, looking steadily at the fire that burned upon the hearth, as if she saw a vision of the past pictured in the ruddy embers lying, like glowing carbuncles, around the crackling logs. Any other than a wood-fire would have been an anachronism in that room, where the tapestry shook upon the walls as the wind forced its devious way through the ghostly galleries and passages of the old house. A log-fire it was, and the heavy andirons of parcel-gilt brass had once, as likely as not, been the abbot's own. "A night like this—I remember it so well!" she continued, in a low tone, like that of one who thinks aloud.

"Then it was not sudden? It did not happen unexpectedly, as I had always heard it did?" asked Ruth, with an interest which her hostess instinctively felt to be no feigned one.

Lady Harriet turned towards the sofa. "Sudden, yes; unexpected, no," she made answer, in a voice that sank almost to a whisper, and then added: "The Monk had been seen by night once, twice, three times. Three times in three days. And then the lights in the chapel, and the music of the choir—I knew Evil was near. Ah, child, I should not say this to you; you will laugh at me, as a foolish, superstitious old woman."

"No, indeed no, dear Lady Harriet," replied the invalid, earnestly: "I shall not laugh, believe me, at anything which you believe to concern the welfare of you and yours. I know you put faith in this tradition, but a haunted house has no terrors for me."

"Nor for me, or I should scarcely stay at St. Pagans," said Lady Harriet, with one of her grim smiles; "yet there are times when I hardly know what to think; and, after all, the legend rests on no stronger evidence than the tattle of ignorant serving-men and maids. I never saw anything, nor did any member of the family. No; I am wrong—Reginald did."

"Your nephew—the late lord?" asked Ruth, with a slight shudder, in spite of her professed incredulity.

"Yes," answered Lady Harriet, as she sat, upright and rigid as a rock, with the firelight shining on her gray hair and furrowed brow; "Yes; it was the night before the child died. John was away in London; Reginald lay here, on that very couch where you are lying now, dear; for this was his favorite room, and the fire burned brightly on the hearth, just as it does now, though the day had been a warm one. I left Reginald asleep, as I thought, and went up to the nursery, where the sick child lay. Then I came down, and found Reginald awake, and his face quite gray and haggard. He had seen, he said, a figure in the long, black robes of a friar, standing in the door-way, and shaking its uplifted hand, with a gesture of menace at him as he lay. He could not see the face, nor even the eyes, for the shadow of the cowl. Then, as he rose, it was gone, silently and swiftly, but he knew that he had seen the Monk, the impalpable enemy that haunts our dwelling, and heralds the grief to come. Next day, the child died."

"It was strange," said Ruth, thoughtfully, glancing towards the doorway, across which there hung a heavy damask curtain, the massy folds of which presented some fanciful similarity to the monkish garb.

"It was," replied Lady Harriet, pushing back her chair from the circle of the firelight's gleam—"it was strange. Poor Reginald—he was ill, and in a morbid, anxious state of mind just then—I did my best to persuade him that what he had seen was but the creation of a disordered imagination. His hopes were all so wrapped up in that poor motherless child up-stairs—the heir of the Ulswater title and estates; and though there seemed no reason for apprehending that the boy would die, yet Reginald feared the worst; and the worst came. Do I weary you?"

"No, no. Pray, tell me everything, if to do so does not give pain to yourself," said Ruth, in her gentle voice.

Thus encouraged, Lady Harriet resumed:

"You know how I loved Reginald. I promised my dear sister on her death-bed that I would care for and cherish him, the sickly, eldest son, as if he were my own; and I faithfully kept my word. He was very dear to me, for his own sake and for Caroline's sake; and when he married, I confess that I felt jealous and angry that there should be another woman to come between my boy and myself, good and sweet as Edith was. I knew Reginald's merits as no one else knew them. He was shy and haughty, and not popular, like his brother, for everybody praised John, who seemed like sunshine in a house, while Reginald was slow to make friends. And then—two months after the birth of an heir—Lady Ulswater died, and her death broke my nephew's heart. I never saw him smile again, poor lad, until the hour of his own ending drew near. He smiled then, on that evening on which he died, and said that he should see her—Edith—very soon. And so they all went from me—Edith, and Guy, and Reginald, and left me, my dear, a lonely, desolate old woman, useful no longer in the world."

She broke down now, with a great sob in her voice, and turned her face towards the fire, as if to hide her streaming eyes. She was a proud woman, and not prone to show her sorrow by tears, but now the emotions that had been called into activity by her narrative were too much for her high-bred stoicism. The sofa was so near, that its occupant was able to stretch out her own thin, little hand, terribly transparent and white to look upon, with the pale, blue veins marking its delicate surface, and to lay it caressingly on the wrinkled, ring-covered hand of Lady Harriet.

"It is all my fault," said Ruth; "I should not have asked—" Then she paused, hesitating, for the grief of the aged seldom fails to affect the young with a kind of awe.

But Lady Harriet's strong nerves soon triumphed over the anguish of the moment. She wiped away the tears with a sort of angry impatience, and her gaunt features were quite composed, and her deep voice more harsh than usual, as she turned towards her young friend and said:

"You shall not see me so weak again. It is not often, dear, that I have so good a listener as you. Few come to see me here, and I do not care to tell my stupid old stories to chattering women of the world or silly school-girls. But I left my tale, such as it is, half told. It was a sad house we had of it, here at St. Pagans. Up-stairs, little Guy Carnac, the infant heir, lay ill; and here, in the Tapestry Room, his widowed father, my poor boy Reginald, passed his weary days stretched upon this sofa, sick in mind and body. The fits to which he had been subject from childhood, but which he had been wholly free from in later life, had been brought on once more by his passionate sorrow and despair when his young wife died. There he lay, wasted and worn to a shadow of his former self, and it seemed as if his frail thread of existence must snap at the first shock. What bound him to life was his great love for his boy, Edith's only child." Here the speaker's stern voice quivered somewhat, then went firmly on. "Reginald's nature was not demonstrative; he was shy and reserved—almost awkward. I doubt if Edith herself ever quite understood how he loved her. When she was taken away, he had nothing left but this child on which to found a hope; and it was wonderful to see how he loved the little fellow, on whom it was only too clear that the title and property must soon devolve; for the doctors did not disguise the fact that Lord Ulswater was not long likely to be spared to us. And Guy was such a pretty child, a noble, frank-eyed boy, that any father might have been proud of. He was ill, as I have said, but it was a trifling illness, to all appearance, a slight attack, that caused no alarm to me, and which the physician from Shelton-on-Sea smiled at as he talked of a speedy and certain recovery. It was but such an illness as care and a good constitution enable thousands of children to surmount. Reginald alone was nervous and despondent about his infant son. You are very fond of your brother, Ruth?"

A slight flush of color came into the sick girl's death-pale face, and her voice trembled a little as she replied;

"Yes, very, very fond. But why, dear Lady Harriet?"

"Because, child," answered the old lady, kindly patting the little weak hand that still rested on hers, "because you will thus understand how very complete and absolute was Reginald's affection for his only son—as all of Edith that was left to him. He alone was fearful respecting the child, and I could not persuade him, nor could his brother, that there was nothing to fear. How well do I remember, on just such a night as this, as I said before, with the wind shrieking outside the abbey as it shrieks now, and the same screaming of the sea-birds that shunned the gathering storm, and the same hollow roar of the great sea among the caverns of the cliff—on just such a night as this, John, now Lord Ulswater, came suddenly down from London. He was very kind and considerate to his brother always, and would read to Reginald for hours, in his clear, pleasant voice, or sit and watch him when he was at the worst of his illness, with a patience and a tenderness which I had thought no one but a woman could show. But John was a good brother—good in all things, I think—though I loved dear Reginald the best, perhaps because he wanted my love more than John did, for the younger of those two was the idol of rich and poor. I found John, whom we had not expected, in the Tapestry Room with Reginald, when I came down from seeing the sick child. It was the day after Reginald had seen the Monk, and that apparition, real or fancied, had filled him with fears for the child. Yet there seemed no cause for fear. Dr. Dennis had but lately driven back to Shelton-on-Sea, assuring us that there was no reason for apprehension. His little patient, he said, was doing well. So I believed."

Lady Harriet looked for a moment at the window nearest her, past which the white wreaths of mist swept, hurrying on the wings of the wind like ghostly squadrons of charging horse; and she listened for an instant to the increasing roar of the surges below, before she went on, in a grave, quiet voice:

"The child had been restless, but he had fallen asleep at last, and there he lay slumbering, with one little arm under his head. The wan, tiny face had something piteous in its look, as it lay half hidden by the soft pillow, under the silk hangings of that great old-fashioned bed. The nursery at St. Pagans is a great gloomy room, not at all, to my thinking, what nursery should be; and the woodwork over the child's head was carved and gilded to represent a coronet, with the Carnac motto in gold letters beneath. Poor pretty babe—he was never to succeed to the honors that his ancestors had won. I remember feeling that there was something plaintive in the contrast between the little sufferer and all the cumbrous old-world splendor of the apartment which was called the King's Room, from a legend that Charles II. had once slept in it. The pillows were bordered with lace, and the counterpane was a wonderful piece of old needle-work, in scarlet and white; and there were fine old pictures in dull gold frames on the panelled walls. There were the medicine vials and glasses on a table, and some hot-house fruit, untasted, and the toys that the poor child's little hands were never more to play with. A feeble light was burning. Everything was exquisitely neat and orderly, even to the dress of the nurse herself, who sat, with an open book before her, beside the shaded lamp.

"Have I mentioned this nurse before? No. She was quite a young woman, little more than a girl, and I could hardly believe at first that Mrs. Fletcher, at her age, could be married. Married she was, however, and her husband was abroad—a sailor or an emigrant, I forget which. She was of very respectable parentage, and better taught than the majority of servants. John it was who recommended her, having known her father, I understood, and she proved a treasure of carefulness and steadiness during the short, short time in which her services were needed.

"Well, this Mrs. Fletcher, Emma Fletcher, from the north of England, was the nurse; and I recollect her face well as I saw it that night. A very remarkable face, my dear. I may as well own at once that I did not and could not like her, though I am sure my antipathy was but a foolish prejudice. She was very good-looking—dark and handsome, like a Spaniard or a Jewess, with hair as black as night, and a rich complexion, and great dark eyes, that looked as if they could flash with anger or scorn, though she was always quite respectful and well-behaved. The first time I ever saw Mrs. Fletcher, I was struck by an extraordinary resemblance between her face and some other face that I knew well, and it puzzled me, the likeness. Have you noticed, Ruth, the picture in the great dining-room, nearest the fireplace, that of Jael slaying Sisera? Because Jael's fierce, dark, young face, as she bends over the sleeper she is about to murder, is so very like the face of Guy's nurse, alike in its wild beauty and a sort of stealthy savagery, like that of a tigress stealing upon her prey. I have often thought since then of the curious resemblance.

"Mrs. Fletcher sat there, quiet and patient, and kept watch over the child. She had not been long at St. Pagans; but it was evident that she was growing attached to her little charge, a bright lovable boy, with a generous nature already beginning to look out of his sunny eyes. And the boy was fond of her. She was rather a silent young woman; and I heard from the other servants that she was very reserved with them, and very proud. She did not keep company with any member of the household here, but spent her whole time with the child; and the servants now and then found her weeping passionately, so they said, but she was not one to tell her sorrows. Most likely, she was anxious about her husband abroad. I left her up-stairs, that night, and I recollect that the likeness to the picture struck me more forcibly than usual as I caught the last glimpse of her dark eyes, and the white teeth just visible between her red lips, as she answered my last words.

"That night the child died—died in his sleep. In the morning Nurse Fletcher awoke and found him dead and cold, poor pretty innocent! His ending was painless, but it was a dreadful blow to us all. On the day of the child's funeral, Reginald was seized by the paralytic attack from which he never recovered, though he lingered on long, for months and years, between life and death, a living wreck. He died, and was buried beside his wife and son; and that is how John came to be the present Lord Ulswater. Hush, my love—I cannot talk any more just now. I will go to my room for a while. It will be better so."

And the conversation ended.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A California story tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "s'elp me." It was properly sealed and delivered. "What's to pay?" asked the pledger. "To pay—to pay?" exclaimed the party; "nothing, of course—this is a labor of love." "Nothing to pay?" returned the grateful but very forgetful affiant, "You're a brick. Let's take a drink!"

☞ THE MILK QUESTION.—A Reading paper states that a lady of that city recently found a large lizard in the milk she poured into her coffee. An investigation showed that the milkman got the water with which he improved his milk out of a spring instead of out of the hydrant, as usual. The paper adds, "the people are indignant," and "demand a return to the hydrant."

☞ A shrewd New York politician lately said: "This city no longer enjoys party government; it is governed by a conspiracy. The conspirators have so arranged their plot, that whatever party wins, the chosen few of both parties are taken care of." This seems to be true of a great many other places besides New York, judging from the fact that a certain set of men seem always to get the offices, no matter who is in power.

☞ A little three-year old in South Boston was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly: "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the mices?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically: "Does God keep a *cat*?" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her new India-rubber doll.

☞ At a wedding out West, recently, when the minister, as usual, asked the bride and groom if they knew any reason why they should not be lawfully married, a voice in the back part of the church called out, "I do." The service was immediately stopped, the bride had hysterics, and the groom looked terribly discomfited. The interruption, however, was soon found to proceed from a drunken man, and the ceremony was resumed.

☞ At a fashionable wedding in Baltimore, a short time since, a lady appeared in a dress wholly of tin foil, gored and trimmed, with earrings and bracelets also of tin.

☞ A man in Milwaukee, who was recently resuscitated after having been apparently drowned, has published his sensations. He found it delightful to drown, but terrible to revive.

A Hog in Hoops.

A few days since a lady residing in the eastern part of the state, having just returned from an evening's entertainment, hearing a noise on the back stoop—a long and very narrow one,—she stepped out to ascertain the cause. At the farther end she discovered the intruder in the shape of a good sized hog. She at once assumed a belligerent attitude and commenced screaming "wheel wheel!" The hog took the alarm and made for the door, and discovering the largest space to be between the lady's two feet pitched for that, and she instantly assumed a horizontal position and movement for the door. But to prevent a premature elopement she caught hold of a post and her hoops caught the hog. His swinership found himself at once incarcerated in hoops. Then came the struggle—a woman's determination against a hog's will—a contest not unequal but as persistent as it was ludicrous. The noise brought the lady's good mother to the scene. But what could she do? although the squealing of the pig and the positive assertion of the lady that she "should be killed," were hard for a fond mother to hear without lending assistance. A compromise was unavoidable, and to effect this the hoops were unfastened and away went his pigship, arrayed in his new attire, lacking only one thing to make him respectably dressed, viz: A waterfall.—*Vergennes Vermonter.*

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for STRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKE, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d instant, at Prospect, Princeton, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, assisted by the Rev. Alfred H. Baker, J. DUNDAS LIPPINCOTT, Esq., of Phila., to Miss ALICE POTTER, daughter of the late Thos. F. Potter, Esq., of Princeton, N. J.

On the 17th of April, 1867, by the Rev. J. O. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr HENRY TURNER to Miss REBECCA YNO, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. DANIEL J. MAY to Mrs. ELIZA L. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM W. MORGAN to Miss GEORGIANNA SOMMERLLAN, both of this city.

On the 18th of April, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JACOB W. ZELL to Miss ROSANNA MCBRIDE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of April, SAMUEL YARDLEY, in his 69th year.

On the 23d of April, THOMAS MERCALF, in his 63d year.

On the 23d of April, CATHARINE, relict of the late Jos. Hall, aged 84 years.

On the 23d of April, ELIZABETH, wife of John Hart, in her 46th year.

On the 21st of April, ANN FLEMING, in her 70th year.

On the 21st of April, BENNETT R. FARNALD, in his 55th year.

On the 20th of April, Mr. ISAAC WRIGHT, in his 61st year.

On the 24th of April, JAMES NICHOLSON, aged 60 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market is more active. About 10,000 bbls sold at from $9@10.25 for superfine; $10.50@11.50 for extra; $12,75@14,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $13@15 for Penna and Ohio family, and $16@17.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; small sales are making at $8.50 ₩ bbl. Penna Corn Meal sells at $5.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is less doing in Wheat; 3000 bus Penna red sold at $3.10@3.40; small lots of Southern do at $3.30@3.40; 5000 bus California at $3.40. Rye; sales 1000 bus Penna at $1.70 ₩ bus. Corn; sales 80,000 bus of prime yellow at $1.25@1.30. Oats; 25,000 bus sold at from 72@76c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market is more active. Small sales are making at $23@23.50 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 13@13½c ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22.50@24.50 ₩ bbl for city packet. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter—Small sales are making at 15@23c for roll, and 17@19c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@18c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 800 bales of middlings sold at 24@25c for Uplands and 25@25c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No. 1 Quercitron at $42 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40c ₩ lb.

COAL—We quote white ash at $4.50@4.75, and red ash at $4.75@5.25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 83@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 7@8c, and Western at 8@9½c. Dried Peaches range at 12@13c for halves, 19½@20c for quarters, and 25@27c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 69@70c, and fair to good at 60@65c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—400 bus sold at 8½@9c. Timothy—300 bus sold at from $3.37½@3.50. Flaxseed sells, on arrival, at $3.10@3.15 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered at 11@11½c, and country at 10½@10¾c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull at 63@65c for double extra; 55@60c for extra; 57@58c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 48@50c for coarse; 55@57c for good tub washed; 50@55c for fair do; 45@50c for extra Western pulled, 32 up to 40c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1980 head. The prices ranged from 17½@18½c ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 7½@8c ₩ lb. 300 Hogs sold at from $10@11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. H. B. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.

EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.

INDEPENDENT, New York City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher.

TRIBUNE, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying to: many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 20 to 30 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 440 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 36th street.
No. 29 SPRING STREET.
No. 35 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 193 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collection delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y., Feb. 21, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gents: The Teas which you sent me proved perfectly satisfactory to all concerned, please accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

Yours truly, DAVID D. McGEORGE.

1 lb.	Young Hyson	M. C. Ward	at	$1 00	$1 00
1½	Imperial	John Lord	at	1 25	1 50
2	French Breakfast Coffee	"	at	30	60
3	Oolong	C. M. Hains	at	1 00	
5	Mixed	"	at	1 00	5 00
1	Oolong	Solomon Morey	at	1 00	1 00
1	Gunpowder	John Gordon	at	1 50	
2	Imperial	"	at	1 25	4 00
5	Imperial	William Doty	at	1 25	6 25
1	Uncolored Japan	Lewis Ketchem	at	1 00	
1	Young Hyson	"	at	1 25	2 25
2	Young Hyson	F. T. Seely	at	1 25	2 50
3	Oolong	Samuel Rimey	at	1 00	3 00
1	Green	Daniel Jacobs	at	1 00	1 00
2	Oolong	Chaney Hains	at	1 00	
3	Young Hyson	"	at	1 00	4 00
2	Young Hyson	F. W. Comstock	at	1 25	2 50
2	Imperial	Martin Bartle	at	1 25	2 50
2	Oolong	D. D. Medeorge	at	1 00	2 00
					$40 10

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-1f

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	66

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Old Eyes

MADE NEW,

easily, without doctor or medicines

sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.

Dr. E. B. FOOTE,

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COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.

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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Far and wide, throughout the restored republic, in defiance of rivalry and competition, it appeals

TO THE POLLS!

of all who design to clothe the same with the magnificent black or brown hues which nature has denied, or age stolen away.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,

No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.

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500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. H. S. SHAW, Alfred, Maine. mar9-3m

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.

Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

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These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

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PREMIER ARTISTE

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HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no2-eowly

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT APRIL 29th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 30 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, also at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No 631 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Cincinnati Express leaves daily, except Sunday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.00	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.45	P.M.
FAST LINE	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express and Fast Line arrive daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,

ap7-tf No. 127 Dock Street.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Our theory: Local disease, whether of the stomach and bowels, enlargement of the joints, rheumatic pains, cutaneous eruptions, even dyspeptic complaints, boils, or whatever form such local disease puts on, are so many "PROOFS" of a disordered state of the blood and bowels, which

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

correct and cure. EXPERIENCE and 40,000 certificates say this is so. B. BRANDRETH.

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MISS A TRAIN.

I do not love Miss-Fortune—
To her arts I bid defiance.
And I never should importune
To a marriage Mes-Alliance.

I've hated Miss-Construction
Whenever I have seen her,
So I should not, by induction
Much care for Miss-Demeanor.

But of all the Misses various—
That are of horrid pain
The cause, like grinders carious—
The worst is "Miss A. Train!"

Baking Powders.

The various baking powders that have been invented from time to time, having failed to give entire satisfaction to the baking public, the "Fat Contributor" has been prevailed upon to apply his inventive genius to the subject, which he has done with the most satisfactory results. He claims the following superior qualities for his baking powders:

Their Strength.—One package of my Baking Powders will raise bread to any height. I am convinced I could raise it clear up in the moon, if I could get there.

They are Economical.—For raising biscuit cheaply they are invaluable. With one teaspoonful, a woman the other day raised enough biscuit to keep the family a week. She *raised* it out of a baker's wagon.

For Baking.—They are good for baking bread, baking cake, baking pies, baking brick, and good for a clam bake. A woman who claimed that her husband "wasn't more than half baked," tried some of the powders on him. Result—baked him so hard that he has been *crusty* ever since.

Non Explosive.—They won't explode, like some of the Gun Powders.

For Raising Cakes.—No powders like them for raising cakes. Ice men use them exclusively now for *raising* cakes of ice into their ice houses.

If a man wants to shave himself and can't *raise* a cake of soap, let him try the powders. No razor can *rase* equal to them.

Raise Any Thing.—I have taken a plantation in Louisiana, and intend to use my powders to *raise* cotton with. A man wrote to me from Saginaw that he had a large family of children to raise; wanted my advice how to do it. I sent him a package of my Baking Powders.

Gave my landlord a package to try. The next day he raised my rent, which I had tried ineffectually to do for some time. Builders are using them all over the city to raise houses with. If you are hard up you might be able to "raise the wind" with them.

Beside the above uses, these Baking Powders are invaluable to raise money on a note, raise windows, raise your hat to the ladies, raise a kite, raise votes, raise the price of coal, raise a militia company, raise a breeze, raise the Ohio, raise corn, raise your eyebrows, raise liberty poles, raise a muss, raise your hair, raise umbrellas, raise a storm, raise watermelons, raise a ten dollar note from any one, raise the people, raise your temper, raise your hopes, &c.

Skeleton No. 4.

The Parisian landlady of a certain medical student who ineffectually dunned her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last on resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning, and said, in a decided tone:

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you I will, madam, if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame—

"Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk, folding it up?"

"What is that?" asked the landlady, recoiling a little.

"That?"

"Yes, that."

"Poh, that! Oh, it is the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him—and then!— Be careful not to break it; it is No. 1 of my collection."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer and took another skeleton.

"This—this is my landlady in the rue l'Ecole de Medecin. A very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it upon the other? It is No. 2.

The landlady opened her two eyes as large as *porte cochares.*

"This," continued the student, "this is No. 3. They are all here. A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to No. 4."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled, almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

Latin Words.

A very good member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island once moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statute so that the common people could understand them. The exquisite folly of such a measure was by no means obvious to the great body of the assembly. It was as likely to pass as not. A good solid argument against it would probably have carried it through. The late Mr. Opdike took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. They were not afraid of any thing which they understood. It was these Latin words that they were afraid of. "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago, a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the Sheriff coming with a paper, and he asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ, what would he have cared? But he told him it was a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and has not been heard of since." Nor has the proposition to translate the Latin words in the statutes.

☞ Diggory says he always respects old age, except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.

NATURE AND ART.

PEDESTRIAN.—"That's an extraordinary looking dog, my boy. What do you call him?"

BOY.—"Fust of all he wer' a grey'ound, sir, an' 'is name was 'Fly,' an' then they cut 'is ears an' tail off, an' made a mastiff dog on 'im, an' now 'is name's 'Lion!'"

The English Language.

An accomplished American lady, at a party in London, recently, was taken to task by a blowsey Cockneyess, who scattered her h's in all directions, for some mispronunciation.

"You must consider," said the fair Yankee, "how short a time I have heard English spoken. Of course my native tongue is Choctaw: and if my dress and behavior are not *comme il faut*, think how short a time it is since I were nothing but paint and feathers, and always came into a room with a warwhoop."

Madam Britannia looked a little shocked and puzzled, but her good nature came to the rescue, and bursting into a great hearty laugh, she said—

"Well, my dear, don't be hupset about it; we're hall one flesh and blood, and I'm sure you're as white as hany of us."

☞ Smikes is down on the resumption of specie payments. He was once cheated with a bad quarter.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pig Ploughing.

"The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys the call,
Idves on the labors of this lord of all."

Had Pope stepped across the Strait of Dover and taken a walk through western France while his Essay on Man was yet unwritten, it is likely that the two lines quoted would have been left out, or at least so modified that the pig would have had considerably more credit given him for industry than the poet has bestowed.

"Ploughs not," indeed! Probably poor Pope had never seen a pig outside of a London stye. If he had seen a hundred prairie shoats, or a drove of wild hogs in the woods of western Ohio, upheaving the surface of endless acres, pulverizing and disintegrating five times more effectually than any plough ever did the work, it is likely his pig couplet would have been set to another tune. Why, pigs are ploughmen born—rooters by right of inheritance. And industrious, too, under proper conditions. Principal of these is a due degree of leanness. A plethoric has no necessity or very great ability to labor. Having put on ponderous proportions, your pig becomes indolent animated pork. His "being's end and aim" achieved, he is indifferent to all useful activity. But with his inherent proclivities for ploughing, a pig's services during life may be made as valuable to his proprietor as his marketable remains are after death.

A Franco-Swiss American friend and farmer of Southwestern Missouri, ingenious in philosophy and practical in all agricultural economy, who, if we could but inveigle him from his entrenched modesty, is capable of affording the best bred among us many a valuable hint on rural jurisprudence, thus *naively* suggests a profitable occupation to which a live hog may be put without cost or trouble:

"If shovelling and reshovelling over and over adds largely to the supply of nitrogen—as we know it does—in all composted manures, then a hog at hard labor upon a compost heap, having grains of corn sown through it to induce deep subsoiling, is the readiest, cheapest and most effectual *nitrogenitor* known."

The same friend, who is familiar with all the best agricultural economy of western France, reminds us of a popular practice among the farmers there, whereby at certain seasons the services of a half-grown hog are made as valuable as those of a first class farm laborer. Throughout Brittany and much of the adjacent territory, where the apples are the finest in France, cider the most delicious, and apple trees always thrifty, free from all insect pests, bearing profusely to a great age, there are no fences in the American sense of the word, their substitutes dykes and ditches, and close along these apple trees are set in rows, thus forming an orchard neither by roots interfering with the cultivation of the fields, or by shade with the growth of grain.

The majority of these lands are farmed by tenants, who by one of the terms of lease are obliged to cultivate these border fruit trees twice a year. This, situated as they are, would be an impossibility by using plough or spade. So the ingenuity of the Breton farmer utilizes the native instinct of his pigs and turns their industry to profitable account. Taking to the field a dozen well grown shoats, stinted in their morning's meal, each pig is appointed to an apple tree, tied by the hind leg, the length of the tether being sufficient to permit piggy to "swing around a circle" covering the extent of the roots. Thus attached, with an apple tree for his forenoon's work, shoat falls to vigorously in search of not only his dinner, but that portion of his breakfast of which he has been defrauded. His industry crops out in vigorous ploughing.

There are instances in which it is difficult to find causes for certain effects. The action of a hog, under such circumstances, is one of them. If you wish to see fully realized the old time axiom, "Root hog or die," just tether a hungry shoat to a tree or stake by the hind leg. Forthwith he pitches into the soil with all the might that is in him, and in a given time will turn a larger area of turf than the most expert Patlander in creation could do with mattock and spade.

When the work is well done about one tree, the pig ploughman is shifted to another by a boy in attendance, and so from day to day the work goes on until the whole is completed, the cultivation being more thorough than could be performed in any other manner, and the pigs when released from labor are in better condition than when first set to work.

Now, as pigs are pigs, of like propensities in all countries, and as in the United States apple tree roots and shade are as inimical to cultivation of orchard soil and growth of grain, it seems that the Breton plan of border planting and pig ploughing would be well worthy of adoption by farmers and fruit growers in the United States as well as in western France.

Farming Fallacies.

In many instances there is as much merit and more profit in knowing how and when a thing should not be done, as there is in being properly posted in doing other things in the right way and at the proper season. A few instances to illustrate: Every farmer ought to know a great deal better than to follow the formula lately laid down by an eminent agriculturist (in print) for producing maximum crops of best and biggest potatoes, namely—Manuring the land first with green stable manure, at the rate of *forty loads per acre*, ploughing in; then ploughing to the surface five inches of sub soil, dressing that with super phosphate, 600 lbs. to the acre, planting small potatoes cut, six in a hill, hills twenty inches apart, rows two and a half feet, giving each hill a handful of flour of bone, covering two inches, and cultivating twice a week through the season: promising for such a practice an average of 350 bushels of potatoes per acre. *For seed*, yes—but he don't mean that.

Suppose one should succeed in getting 350 bushels of potatoes per acre by following that formula, what then? Why, only that they would have to bring within a fraction of $2 30 per bushel to cover expenses. Wherefore, such potato practice would be a fallacy—a method that all farmers will do well not to learn.

Doctor C——, of—somewhere in Ohio, a skilful surgeon, successful physician, scientific, sensible upon most topics, jovial, jolly, a *bon compagnon*, and a fast, firm friend of Cosmo's, read out of a copy of the *Country Gentleman*, one afternoon when we happened to be with him, some Connecticut man's account of his great success with a quarter of an acre of cucumbers. So many sent to New York; so many sold in New Haven market; so many put down in pickles, with prices duly credited to cucumbers, footing up a prodigious profit.

Dr. C——— laid down the "Gentleman," looked out through the open window over twenty acres of rubby, up and down, dry knoll and springy swale pasture—all the land he owned except the half acre of fruit and vegetable garden—blew out a little low, long, straight string of whistle, and then all animation, turning to Mrs C———, said:

"Margaret, my dear, we'll plant ten acres of cucumbers!"

"Ah! will it be profitable to raise cucumbers here, Thomas?"

"Oh yes, my dear—anywhere. Yes, wife—we'll plant *fourteen* acres of cucumbers, right away."

"But, husband, is the middle of October the proper season to plant cucumbers in Ohio?"

"What? By hemp! I forgot all about that. Thank you, wife. After all, I guess it's worth about as much all round to know when, where, and how not to do things, as is is to be perfectly posted on the other side."

A friend who has a fairly productive grain and grass farm up in one of the wood-and-water counties of our Keystone state, took the fowl fever, and was going to make a fortune in four years in the poultry and egg enterprise. Happening to be acquainted somewhat with the nature of the country, and more with the character of our friend's natural neighbors, we advised him to abandon the domestic bird business and stick to stock, grass, and grain growing. Not he—not a bit of it. He knew how to head off foxes, minks, hawks, owls, and all such "varmints."

So he went into fowls, investing about $700 in fancy stock and fixtures, and went on three years. Happening to drop down in that locality in the autumn of 1866, we found our fowl friend gone back to grain, grass, and stock raising, satisfied that proper conditions for fowl raising were not popular features of his near neighborhood. Having spent $2,000 and two and a half years in an earnest effort to make a fortune by producing poultry, the result was publicly paraded for inspection.

Three scrubby-looking geese, an old stub-winged, bow-legged Brahmen gander; two dilapidated, rusty old Golden Hamburgh hens; a pair of Rouen ducks, that looked as if they had been run three times through a smut machine; a grave old Muscovy drake, blind in both eyes; and a desolate, crestless old bronze turkey gobbler, that walked painfully, limping on both legs. That inventory made up the sum total of all that remained of our friend's fancy fowl stock. Foxes, owls, minks, and unskilfulness had reduced their ranks to a wretched, ridiculous remainder.

The invalid corps review ended, Tom remarked, seriously:—"All this has come of my ignorance, in not knowing what was best *not* to do. A better knowledge of negatives would have saved me several thousand dollars."

Tom had learned by dear experience, that fowl fancies, like all others misdirected, are fallacies fatal to success.

Gathered Grains.

—— Peaches will be plenty the coming season throughout all the peach-producing regions of Maryland, Delaware, and South Jersey. Jack o' the North has killed off comparatively few after all.

—— Oats in and up, potatoes planted, and preparations for putting in corn, generally completed throughout those portions of the four midland states included in our agricultural circuit. According to observation and the most reliable information we are able to obtain, the area occupied by each of these crops will exceed that of last year by about one-sixth.

—— The acquisition of Russian America at a cost of about one and three-eighth cents per acre, has given us two hours more of sunlight to our days, a cod-fishery better than that of Great Britain, the best salmon fisheries in the world, a fur territory next in value to that of the Hudson Bay Company, and a hundred million dollars' worth of first class ship timber.

—— One day last week a Potomac seine brought out 26,000 fine fat shad at a single haul. Fine shad selling at Philadelphia wharves for $10 a hundred. Not much necessity of people becoming mere *shadders*, at such figures.

—— The decision is that our State Agricultural Fair and Cattle Show is to be held at Norristown this year.

RECEIPTS.

Potatoes for Breakfast.—Take the mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner, mix smooth with a little milk, and fill the dozen cups of an iron bread pan, well heated and greased. Brown in the oven. They will turn out shapely, light and excellent.

Sorrel should not be so thick as spinach, but have the consistency more of a thick sauce or *purée*. It is generally not served by itself, but under a piece of stewed veal or veal cutlets. The pleasant acidity of a *purée* of sorrel goes very well with veal, and it is made more attractive by the addition of one or two yolks of egg stirred into it with the milk or cream; in this case, however, it is not necessary to put in any broth or stock.

A *purée* of sorrel, made rather thick, may be served by itself, with poached or fried eggs disposed upon it, or simply hard boiled eggs cut into quarters. By using spinach instead of sorrel you have another very good dish.

Spinach is prepared by the same process, exactly as the turnip-tops, besides which there are several other vegetables which, similarly treated, are a very good substitute for it. The leaves of the white beet, *Poirée* in French, and even those of the common beetroot, *Betterave*, also what the French call *Cresson de fontaine*, a kind of watercress, make a very good spinach. The young shoots of nettles may also be used.

A skilful cook will produce very artistic *purées* or dishes of the nature of spinach by the judicious combination of spinach, sorrel, white-beet, water cress, chervil, and lettuce. A head of the latter, thrown in with spinach or sorrel when it is put to boil in the first instance, is always an improvement to either.

Asparagus Fried.—Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, bake a thin batter of flour, salt and water, and add the eggs. After the asparagus has been broken into pieces and boiled till about half done, dip into the batter and fry in hot fat.

China Orange Cream.—Take 6 China oranges, the yolks of six eggs, and the white of one. Mix the juice of the oranges with the eggs, sweeten and strain it, then boil it like a custard, stirring it one way. When almost ready add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg.

Dried Apple Fruit Cake.—One and one-half cup of molasses; one-half cup brown sugar; three cups of flour; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus; one egg; one-half cup of butter; one and one-half cups of sweet apple, soaked and chopped, put into the molasses and boiled; spice to suit the taste.

Whitewash that will not Rub Off.—Slake the lime in the usual way. Mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps; then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour it while hot into a bucket of the slaked lime, and add one pound of whitening. Stir all well together. A little "blue water," made by squeezing the indigo bag, or a little pulverized indigo mixed with water, improves it.

To Bleach Straw Plait.—Expose to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chest or box, or immerse in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards wash it well in water. Water, strongly acidulated with oil of vitriol or ox lic acid, is also used for the same purpose.

To Remove Paint Marks from Dress.—Soften it with any kind of grease, and then apply spirits of turpentine or ammonia to remove the mark made with the grease.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 4, 2, 11, 6, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 7, 4, is part of my 2, 13, 7, 6.
My 12, 7, 8, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 5, 12, 13, 9, are parts of the body.
My 2, 7, 11, 10, is covering for the head.
My 5, 8, 6, 11, 7, 8, 9, were the original natives of America.
My 5, 10, 13, indicates anger.
My 13, 6, 8, 8, is a garden spoken of in the Bible.
My whole is the name of a celebrated poem.

J. P. C.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 8, 6, 1, 6, 5, 2, is one of the Sandwich islands.
My 4, 6, 9, 13, 10, is a town in Zanguebar.
My 3, 5, 7, 6, is a town in South America.
My 9, 6, 12, 7, 13, 11, 6, is a sea in the eastern hemisphere.
My 14, is the 23rd letter of the alphabet.
My whole has contributed some splendid enigmas to the Saturday Evening Post.

Pittsburg, Pa. SADIE L. PORTER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of wine.
My second is a pronoun.
My third is what a girl is sometimes called.
My whole is a country in Europe.

WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A given weight P, draws another given weight W up an inclined plane of known height and length, by means of a string parallel to the plane. When and where must P cease to act that W may describe just ½ of the distance up the plane? J. B. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Ind.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the number of fifteens that can be made out of a pack of cards.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hexagon is formed by drawing lines from each of the angles of a triangle (whose sides are 8, 10, and 12 rods) perpendicular to the sides containing that angle. Required—the area of the hexagon thus formed.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is better than a promising young man? Ans.—A paying one.

☞ If you wish to fatten a thin baby, what should you do with it? Ans.—Throw it out of the window, and it will come down plump.

☞ Why are chimney-sweeps extensive dealers in clothing? Ans.—Because they get a soot at every sweep.

☞ When is a fowl's neck like a bell? Ans.—When it is rung for dinner.

☞ What is the difference between a soldier and a bombshell? Ans.—Why one goes to ware and the other goes to pieces.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Evangeline."
ENIGMA—

"The Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 23rd—Distance asunder of the stations 63 rods; length of ropes 31.5 rods; area of meadow 90 acres, 1 rood, 31 26 rods; amount to be paid $116.89½. W. H. Morrow and J. B. Sanders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—¼ is the required chance. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, of March 9th—600 square feet. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. D. Middleton's PROBLEM of March 9th—$80. L. C. Glessner; L. Lebus; J. B. Sanders; C. E. Willmott; C. T. Lindsey; J. W. Barrett; J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. L. Sanders's PROBLEM of March 2nd—300 feet. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM—1263,-2484 yards. E. P. Norton.

THE APRIL RAIN.

BY R. H. BACON.

Soft comes the April rain to bud and flower
And tender grass—the shrinking violet
Unharmed receives the gently falling shower,
And scarce her petals by its gift are wet:
The blue-bell, peeping from the trellised bower,
Holds up her tiny goblet to the sky,
Till on its rim a dainty pearl is set,
Such as the Indies cannot give, nor buy:
Hid in the fragrant blossom sips the bee,
Secure: the oriole forgets his melody,
And trails his scarlet wings, his ebon bill
Uplifting gratefully: And, as I look, the hill
Is bathed in sunlight; ceased the gentle rain;
And bird and bee take up their song again.